PVBLII
OVIDII NASONIS,
De Arte Amandi.

OR,

THE ART OF LOVE,
Engliſhed.

Imprinted at LONDON, 1650.

£12/10/-



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BRITISH MUSEUM
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PVBLII. OVIDII NASONIS DE ARTE AMANDI: OR, *The Art of Loue.*

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this multitude,
That in the art of Loue is dull and rude,
Me let him reade, and these my lines rehearse,
He shall be made a Doctor by my verse.
By art of sailes and oares Seas are ruled,
By art the Chariot runnes: by art Loue's guided:
By art are bridles rein'd in, or let slip:
Typhis by art did guide the *Hemonian* ship.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
And time succeeding shall call me alone,
Loue's expert *Tiphis* and *Antomedon.*
Loue in himself is apish and vntoward,
Yet being a child, Ile whip him when he's froward:
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
On the stringd Lute a sweete diuision:

Art on his rude and sterne aspect did cease,
Instructing him in old *Philerides*:
He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes,
Made quake and tremble when he would disclose.
His furious rage was knowne to be a Suitor,
And with submission kneele vnto his Tutor:
Æneides by *Chiron* was instructed,
And by my art is loue himselfe conducted,
Both goddes sonnes, *Venus* and *Thetis* ioyes,
Both shrewd, both waggish, and vnhappy boyes:
Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yoake is worne,
The proud Steed chewes the bit which he doth scorn
And though Loues darts my owne heart cleaues a sunder,
Yet by my art the wag shall be kept vnder,
And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
The more I will reuenge me of my wound;
Sacred *Apollo* witnesse of my flame,
Behold thy arts I do not falsly clame,
Of *Clios* sisters, loe I take no keepe,
That in the vale of *Asca* feede their sheepe.
Proud skie I teach of what I haue beene taster,
Loue bids me speake Ile be your skilfull master:
And what I speake is true thus I beg in
Be present at my labours Ioues faire Queene.

Keep hence you modest maids and come not neare,
That vse to blush and shamefast garments weare,
That haue scant ruffes & keepe your haire vnseene,
Whose feet with your white aprons couered beene
From *Vertas* virgins here no place is left,
My muse sings *Venus* spoiles and Loues sweet theft,
What kinde affections louers thoughts do pierce,
And there shall be no fault in this my verse.

FINIS.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE.

First thou that art a Freshman and art bent,
To beare Loues armes and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to loue, the next thing thou must doe,
Learne how to speake her faire, to pleade and woe:
Last hauing wonne thy Mistris to thy lure,
Ile teach thee how to make that loue endure,
This is my aime, Ile keep within this space
And in this road my Chariot wheele shall trace.
Whilst thou liuest free and art a Batcheler,
The loue of one aboue the rest preferre:
To whom thy soule sayes, you alone content me.
But such a one shall not from heauen be sent thee,
Such are not dropt downe from the azure skies,
But thou must seeke her out with busie eyes:
Well knowes the Huntsman where his toyle to set,
And in what denne the Boare his teeth doth whet:
Well knowes the Fowler where to lay his gin,
The fisher knowes what poole most fish are in:
And thou that studiest to become a louer,
Learne in what place most Virgins to discouer.
I do not bid thee saile the Seas to seeke,
Or trauell farre to find one thou dost like.

Like *Perseus* that among the *Negroes* sought,
And faire *Andromade* from *Inde* brought:
Or *Paris* who to steale that daintie peece,
Trauelld as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*,
Behold the populous Citie in her pride,
Yeelds thee more choice then all the world beside.
More eares of ripe corne growes not in the fields,
Nor halfe so many boughes the Forrest yeelds:
So many greene leaues growes not in the woods,
Nor swimme so many fish in the salt floods.
So many Starres in heauen you cannot see,
As here be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
Faire *Venus* in the Citie of her sonne,
Is honoured with *Æneas* first begun,
If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,
More Virgins thou maist see then can be told:
If women of en different age will ease thee,
Amongst a thousand thou maist chose to please thee
If ancient women, in the Citie bee
Matrons admired for their grauitie:
To find a Matron Widdow or young Maide,
Walke but at such time under *Pompies* shade,
When as the Sunne mounts on the *Lions* backe,
And store of all degrees thou shalt not lacke:
Or to that marble walke which was begun,
And ended by a Mother and her Sonne.
Abroad, at noone, betimes or euening late,
That day which we to *Luna* consecrate,
Or to the nine sisters *Belus* daughters,
That all saue one made of their husbands slaughters
Or that same holiday we yearely keepe,
In which faire *Venus* doth for *Adon* weepe,
Or in the seauenth day sacred more then all,
Which the Iewes nation doe their Sabboth call:

Or

Or to the *Memphien* Church. where many a vow,
Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her cow:
Or to the market place, which way is short,
Women of all estates do there resort,
Repaire else to the pulpets, euen the same
In which our learned Orators declaime,
Here often is the pleaders tongue stroke dumbe
By those attractiue eyes that thither come.
There he to whom anothers cause is knowne,
Speaking of that, wants words to pleade his owne.
Venus reioycing smiles to see from farre,
The Lawier made a client at the barre:
But most of all I would haue thee stir,
At the play time unto the Theater,
Where thou shalt finde them thicke in a great nom-
The matted seates, and the degrees to comber, (ber
Amongst that goodly dew thou maist behold,
Whom thou both lou'st, suest to, & faine would hold
Looke as the laden Ants march to and fro,
And with their heauie burdens trooping go:
Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flie,
Bearing each one her hony in her thigh;
And round about the spatious fields do stray,
So do the faireſt women to a play,
That I haue wondred how it could include,
Of beauties such a gallant multitude.
There many a Captiue looke hath conquered beene
Thither sole armed to see and to be seene.
Great *Romulus* thou first these playes contriues,
To get thy widdowed souldiers *Sabines* wiues,
In those dayes from the marble house did waue,
No saile, no silken flag, no ensigne braue:
The tragicke stage in that age was not red,
There were no mixed colours tempered:

Then did the ſceane want Art, the vnready ſtage
Was made of graſſe and earth in that rude age:
Round about which the boughs were thickly placed
The people did not think themſelues diſgraced:
Of tuffe and heathie Sods to haue their ſeats,
Made in degree of ſods and maſſie peates.
Thus plac'd in order, euery *Roman* bride,
Into his Virgins eyes, and by her ſide.
Sate him downe cloſe, and ſeuerally did moue,
The innocent *Sabine* women to their loue.
And whilſt the Piper *Thenſeus* rudely playde,
And by her ſtamping with his foot had made,
A ſigne unto the reſt, there was a ſhout,
Whoſe ſhrill report pierſt all the ayre about.
Now with a ſigne of rape gaue from the king,
Round through the houſe the luſtie *Romans* fling:
Leauing no corner of the ſame unſought,
Till euery one a frighted Virgin caught:
Looke as the trembling Doue the Eagle flies,
Or a young Lambe when he a Wolfe eſpies:
So run theſe poore girles, filling the ayre with ſhrieks
Emptying of all the coulour in their pale cheeks,
One feare poſſeſt them all but not one looke
This tears her haire, ſhe hath her wits forſooke.
Some ſadly ſit, ſome on their mothers call,
Some chafe, ſome flye, ſome ſtage but frighted all.
Thus were the rauiſht *Sabines* bluſhing led,
Becoming ſhame unto each *Romans* bed:
If any ſtriu'd againſt it, ſtrait her man,
Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wan.
And ſay why weepeſt thou, ſweet what ailſt my dear
Dry up thoſe drops, theſe clouds of ſorrow cleare.
Ile be to thee, if thou thy griefe wilt ſmother,
Such as thy father was vnto thy mother.

Full

Full well would *Romulus* his ſouldiers pleaſe,
To giue them ſuch faire Miſtreſſes as theſe,
If ſuch rich wages thou wilt giue to me,
Great *Romulus* thy ſouldier I will be,
From that firſt age the *Theater* hath bin.
Euen like a trap to take faire wenches in:
Frequent the Tilt yard, for there oft times are,
Cluſters of people thronging at the barre.
Thou ſhalt not need, there with thy fingers becken,
Of wincking ſignes, or cloſe nods do not reckon:
But where thy Miſtris ſits, do thou abide
Who ſhall forbid thee to attaine her ſide,
As neare as the place ſuffers ſee thou get,
That none betwixt thee and her ſelfe be ſet:
If thou beeſt mute and baſhfull I will teach,
How to begin and breake the ice of ſpeech:
Aske whoſe that horſe was, what he was did guide
Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him. (him
Which in the courſe of barriers beſt did do,
And whom ſhe likes, him do thou fauour too.
When thou eſpieſt where *Romes* beſt gallants ſit:
Applaud faire *Venus* with thy Miſtris hand it:
If duſt by chance upon her garments fall,
Looke with thy ready hand thou bruſh it all.
And though none fall, yet looke that without ſcoffe
Thou with thy dutious hand beat that none off.
And let the leaſt occaſion ſhew thy duty,
None can be too ſeruile vnto beautie:
If her looſe garments hang downe that the skirt,
Lick ud the duſt or fall into the dirt:
Officious be to lift it vp againe,
And from the ſluttiſh earth to beare her traine
Happly thy dutious guardian ſuch may be,
That thou her foot or well ſhapt leg may ſee

Beware that none behind her rudely crush her,
Or with his hard knees or his elbowes brush her?
Small fauours womens light thoughts captiuate,
And many in their loues make fortunate.
Beating the dust, or fanning the fresh aire,
Or to her wearie foote but adde a staire,
Such diligence and dutie often proues,
Great furtherance to many in their loues.
Within these lists hath *Cupid* battaile founded:
And he that makes men wounds, himselfe bin wounded:
As careles of himselfe he pries about,
To know which cē querors of the Champions stout
He feeles himselfe pierst with a flying dart,
And wounded sore, complaines him of his heart.
Oh what assemblie did there come to see.
Great *Cæsar* stand in all his royaltie.
Praysing his prizes in their shouts and skips,
Tooke in the *Persian* and *Athenian* ships,
From both sides of the Seas young Gallants came,
And Virgins of all sorts to see the same:
Then was the Cittie throng'd, who could not find
In that faire crew a Saint to please his minde.
Oh gods! how many did kind fancie driue,
Strangers to vs, vs vnto them do wiue.
Behold Great *Cæsar* through the whole world famed
Will adde unto the nations he hath tamed.
The Fastene kingdomes here to ouerpast,
And they of all his Conquest shall be last.
See where a stout reuenger comes in armes,
Whose haughty breast the flower of honour warmes
That being but a child leades warre in chaines,
But more then children can by warre constraines,
Thy birth-day shall by generall accord,
With all the newest vertues be ador'd,

Thy

Thy wiſedome which might well become the aged,
Shall in the ſelfe ſame ranke he equipaged:
That all the world may wonder one ſo young,
Hath ſuch a ripe wit, and ſo queint a tongue.
Thy gifts out-ſtrip thy age, whoſe ſlow pace lingers,
Such was his inſtant ſtrength, who twixt his fingers
Cruſht two inuenom'd Snakes being in the cradle.
What would he doe being mounted on the ſaddle,
As great as *Bacchus* when his yeares yet greene,
Was in his power amongſt the *Indies* ſeene:
Is *Ceſar* heire vnto his fathers ſpirit,
That his forefathers vertues do inherit,
With their auſpicious fortune proudly dight.
Wars, and ſhall vanquiſh ſtill where he doth fight:
Such be the fates, decree muſt be his fame
That ſhall wage battell vnder *Ceſars* name.
Liue ſt ill thou, youth, of whom thou now art king.
With milkewhite heads and beards thy praiſes ſing,
Reuenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father,
And to the wars millions of people gather.
Thy father, and thy countries father too.
Caſe thee in armes againſt thy inſulting foe,
Thou bear'ſt religious armes ſo doth not he,
Wrong leades him forth, but iuſtice fightes for thee:
Behold the *Parthians* are already ſlaine.
The Eaſt yeelds homage to the *Latine* traine.
Ceſar and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both
Bee powerfull in his iourney now he goeth,
I propheſie his conqueſt and his praiſe,
In a rich ſtile vnto the heauens lle raiſe:
With my field words he ſhall his armie cheare,
Which with their ſweet ſound ſhal inchant each eare
Whilſt I the *Parthians* flight deſcribe at large,
Who backward ſhoote, as flying, their foes charge.

And

And of the *Romans* resolution write,
In vaine poore *Parthian* souldiers thou dost fight.
Mars the great god of armes, forsake thy droome,
In vaine thou hop'st by flight to ouercome:
In what day shalt thou fairest of all things,
Be deck with gold, attended on by Kings.
And drawne along by toure white snowie Steeds.
To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.
The whilest thy troopes of souldiers round inuirons
The Captaine of the enemy bound with irons:
Giuing their legs to keepe them from the flight,
Which they before did practise in their fight.
The ioyfull young men mingled with sweet lasses,
Will croud and presse to see him as he passes,
And now being meet, no sweete occasion balke,
Make speech of any thing to entertalke:
Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
And take vpon thee to explaine each show.
As thus she *Euphrates* that first proceeds,
Hauing her head bound with a reathof reeds
Call the next *Tigris* with her haire all blew,
Maides may be flattered, to think fained things true
Say this presents *Armenia*, *Denee* she,
In the next place let *Achemonia* be. (ble,
That man's a conqueror, captiues they that trem-
Speake truly, if thou canst, if not dissemble.
Thence if you go to banckquet and sit downe,
To tast sweet Viands and to drinke a round,
There may thy thoughts vnto my art incline,
Obseruing loue, more then the crimson wine,
Cupid himselfe alwayes inured to rapes,
Hath with his own whit hand prest *Bacchus* grapes.
Vntill his wings with sprinkeled wine made wet,
He heauie sits and sleepes where he is set.

The

The dew from off his feathers soone he shakes,
Which from his drowned wings the dry aire takes,
But from his breast so soone he cannot driue,
Loue sprinkled there, though nere so much he striue:
Wine doth prepare the spirits, heates the braine hot,
Expels deepe cares, make sorrowes quite forgot:
Moues mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man proud
And not remembring need to laugh aloud:
Sets ope the thoughts, doth rudenes banish,
Refineth arts, and at wine fight woes vanish.
In wine hath many a young mans heart ban tooke
And borne away in a faire wenches looke,
In wine is lust and rancknes of desire,
Ioyne wine and loue, and you adde fire to fire:
Choose not a face by torch-light, but by day,
Onely grosse faults such splendors can bewray.
Trust no made lights, they will deceiue thine eye,
Thou canst not iudge by torch-light, nor in wine.
At the broad noone tide, when the Sun shin'd rarest,
Did *Paris* say to *Hellen* thou art fairest.
The night hides faults, the midnight houre is blind,
And no mishapt deformity can find.
Stones and dyed Scarlet by the day we chuse:
The broad day and bright sunne in beauty vse:
Sometimes vnto those places taske thy feet,
Where the faire forrest hantresses do meete.
In number more then sea sands, chese prepare,
To the warme bathes, where many a semale are:
There some or other hurt by *Cupids* stroke,
Where troubled waters with warme brimstone smoke
Mistakes the wounds, cause and exclaming rages,
Not blaming Loue, But those vnwholsome waues.
See where *Dianaes* grouie Temple stands,
Where kingdoms haue bin won by slaughtring hands

Because

Becauſe ſhe *Cupid* loathes and liues chaſt ſtill.
Much people he hath ſlaine and much ſhall kill:
Thus farre my Muſe hath ſung in diuers ſtraines:
Where thou maiſt find fit place to ſet thy traines,
My next indeuour is to lay the ground,
To atchieue and win the Miſtris thou haſt found.
Be prompt and apt, you that ſhall read my lines,
And vſe attention to their diſciplines,
The firſt ſtrickt precept I enioyne your ſence,
Needfull to be obſerv'd is conſcience:
Be confident, thy ſute being once begun,
And build on this they all are to be wonne.
Firſt ſhall the birds that welcome in the ſpring,
All mute and dombe for euer ceaſe to ſing:
The ſommer Ants leaue their induſtrious paines,
And from their full mouthes caſt their loaded graines.
The ſwift *Menalian* hounds that chaſing are
Shall frighted runne backe from the trembling hare
Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee
Poore foole, ſhall haue the hard heart to deny thee,
Stolne pleaſure which to men is neuer hatefull,
To women, is now and at all times ever gratefull:
The difference is a Maide her loue will couer,
Men are more impudent and publicke louers:
Tis meet we men ſhould aske the queſtion ſtill.
Should women do it, it would become them ill.
The Heifers ſtrength being once ripe and mellow,
After the Bull ſhe through the field will bellow.
The Mare neighes after the courageous Steed,
But humane luſt doth not ſo much exceed.
Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keep time & ſeaſon,
Nor beſtiall made like theirs, but mixt with reaſon,
Shold I of *Biblis* ſpeake whoſe hot deſire
Doth to the brothers lawleſſe bed aſpire:

And when the inceſtuous deed ſhe well ſuſpendeth,
With reſolution her ſweet life ſhe endeth:
Mirrha the loue of her owne father ſought,
Affecting him but not as daughters ought:
Her body in a tree rough rinde appeares,
And with her ſweete and odoriferous teares,
Our bodies we perfume, theſe are the ſame,
Mirrh of their miſtris *Mirrha* that beares the name:
In *Ida* of tall tree and Cedars full,
There fed the glory of the heard, a Bull, (grew,
Snow white, ſaue twixt his hornes one ſpot there
Saue that one ſtaine he was of milkie hew,
This Bullocke did the Heifers of the groues,
Deſire to beare as Prince of all their droues,
But moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous breath,
Enuies the louely Heifers to the death:
I ſpeak knowne truth this cannot *Crete* deny,
With all her hundred Cities built on hie.
Tis ſaid that for this Bull the doating Laſſe,
Did vſe to top freſh boughes and mow young graſſe
Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queene afeard,
To grow a kinde companion to the heard:
Thus through the Campaigne ſhe is madly borne.
And a wild Bull to *Mines* giues the horne.
Tis not for brauery he doth loue or loath thee,
Then why, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou ſo richly cloth thee.
Why doſt thou thus thy face and lookes prepare,
What makſt thou with thy glaſſe ordring thy haire.
Vnleſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeeme a Cow,
And how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeeke thee,
Or if thy husband *Mines* do not like thee:
But thy laſciuious thoughts are ſtill increaſt,
Deceiue him with a man, not with a beaſt.

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wilde Woods are frequen-
And leauing the Kings bed she is contented (ted,
To vse the groues borne by the rage of mind,
Euen as a ship with a full Easterne wind.
How often hath she with an enuious eye,
Look'd on the Cow that by her bull did lie:
Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer moue,
My hearts chief Lord, and vrge him to her loue.
Behold, how she before him ioyfull skips,
And proudly setting on the greene grasse lips:
To please his amourous eye, thé charg'd the Queen
See in these fields that cow no more be seene.
No sooner to her seruants had she spoke,
But the poore beast was straight put to the yoake.
Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queene slew,
And their warme bloud the alters did imbrew:
Whilst by the sacrificing Priest she stands,
And gripe their trembling entrailes in her hands,
Oft praid she to the Gods but all in vaine, (slaine,
To appease their dieties with bloud of beasts thus
And to their bowels speake, go, go, begone,
To please him whom I fondly dote upon.
Now doth she wish her selfe *Europa* then,
To be faire, so pasturing in the fenne,
Io a beast in shape, hide, hoofe, and horne,
Onely *Europa* on a beast was borne.
At length the Captaine of the heard beguilde,
With a Cowes skin with curious art compilde.
The longing Queene obtaind her full desire,
And in the childes birth did bewray the fire:
Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thiestes* bed,
She had not with her childe beene banished.
Nor *Phœbus* stopt his *Carr* that so bright burned,
And his Steeds back vnto the morning turned.

King

King *Miſus* daughter that was held ſo faire,
Stole from her fathers head the purple haire:
And hanging at the ſhip in her fall.
Chang'd to a bird in voice, in ſhape and all.
Another *Silla* was by *Circes* ſpels.
Made a Sea monſter, and in the ocean dwels:.
Beneath whoſe nauell barketh many a hound.
Whoſe rauenous gulfe like throats ſhip, and men
The wiſeſt of great *Alcides* that by land, (drownd.
Fled the great god of war and did withſtand:
Neptune by Sea, behold alas ſhe dies.
A wofull and lamented ſacrifice:
Whoſe ſorrows only not bright *Cruſaes* flame, (ſame
Wiſhing their ſalt teares might haue quencht the
Who could but weepe to ſee young children ſlaine,
Whilſt their warme blouds their mothers garments
Phanux Anuutors daughter ſhe laments, (ſtaine,
The ſwift pact hurrying chariot teares and rents.
Chiefe miſchiefe all by womens luſts engender,
Some of their hearts be tough, though moſt be ten-
Womens deſires are burning, ſome contagious, (der
Mens are more temporate, farre & leſſe outragious:
Then in my art proceed nor doubt to enioy.
And win all women be they nere ſo coy.
Vſe them by my directions, being learned by thee,
Not one amongſt a thouſand will deny thee:
Yet loue they to be vrg'd by ſome conſtraint,
As well in things which they deny as grant:
But take thou no repulſe, iſt not a treaſure,
To enioy new delights and taſt freſh pleaſure.
Varietie of ſweets are welcome ſtill,
And acceptableſt to a womans will:
They thinke that corne beſt in anothers field,
Their neighbors goate the ſweeteſt milk doth yeeld.

But first ere siege be to thy Mistris laid,
Practise to come acquainted with her maid:
She can prepare the way, seeke thy redresse,
And by her meanes thou maist haue sweet accesse.
To her familar eare your counsels show,
And all your priuate pleasures let her know:
Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward
With her that's easie which to thee seemes hard,
She can chose times, so times Physitions keepe,
When in thy Mistris armes thou safe maist sleepe,
And that must be when she is apt to yeeld,
What time the ripe corne swells within the field,
When banisht sorrowes, from her heart remoue,
And giues mirth place, she lies broad wake to loue.
Whilest *Troy* was pensiue, twas well fenc'd and kept,
But then betraid when they securely slept:
Yet sometimes proue her, when thou find'st her sad,
Mourning her owne wrong with some vsage bad.
Follow that humor with thy fluent tongue,
Shee'l grace thee to reuenge her former wrong.
Her may the industrious maide betimes prepare,
And softly whisper, yet that she may heare,
Such wrongs no woman that hath sprit can beare:
So shee proceeds to thee, lifts thy praises hie,
Sweare for her chaste Loue thou art bent to dye,
And there step in, and doubt not to preuaile.
Yet ere her furious anger hath strooke saile,
Rage in that Sea: delay consumes and dyes,
Like ice against the sunne; no grace despise
That from the hand-maid comes; with all thy power
Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower.
She is industrious and made apt for sport,
And by her office limits your resort,

Shee

if her owne counſel may be cloſly kept,
Ladies due would gladly intercept.
hap hazard, though it be with paine,
counſell is from theſe things to abſtaine,
not headlong ouer mountaines tread,
following me ſhall any be miſled:
of the maide by whom thou ſend'ſt thy letter,
her care pleaſe thee well, with her face better
not therefore with the Maide to toy.
Miſtris loue and fauour firſt enioy.
thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
let my words amongſt the windes depart:
ou haſt mou'd her once take no denyall,
ue to act, or neuer to make tryall,
feare and blame thou art ſecure and free,
one as ſhe partakes the crime with thee.
ſee the bird that to the morning ſings,
not ſoare high, when ſhe hath lim'd her wings
ra the ſauage Boare with briſled backe,
ke through thoſe toyles, which he before made
fiſh that glides along the ſiluer brook, (ſlack.
ickly drawne, being wounded with the hooke,
auing once but tride her, make her yeeld,
neuer part but conquer from the field:
fault being mutuall, knowing how ſhe fell
baſhfull girle will be aſham'd to tell.
ſhee can ſhew thee in familiar phraſe,
what thy vertuous Miſtris doth and ſayes.
ayes be ſecret if your gilt appeare,
ll in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare.
s deceiu'd that thinkes all times auaile
Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to ſayle:
ſeaſons are not kinde when men ſhould ſow,
nes muſt be pickt, to haue your graine well grow.

But firſt ere ſiege be to thy Miſtris laid,
Practiſe to come acquainted with her maid:
She can prepare the way, ſeeke thy redreſſe,
And by her meanes thou maiſt haue ſweet acc
To her familar eare your counſels ſhow,
And all your priuate pleaſures let her know:
Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward
With her that's eaſie which to thee ſeemes har
She can choſe times, ſo times Phyſitions keep
When in thy Miſtris armes thou ſafe maiſt flee
And that muſt be when ſhe is apt to yeeld,
What time the ripe corne ſwells within the fie
When baniſht ſorrowes, from her heart remot
And giues mirth place, ſhe lies broad wake to
Whileſt *Troy* was penſiue, twas well fenc'd and
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Like ice againſt the ſunne; no grace deſpiſe
That from the hand-maid comes; with all thy p
Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower.
She is induſtrious and made apt for ſport,
And by her office limits your reſort,

She, if her owne counsel may be closly kept,
Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
All is hap hazard, though it be with paine,
My counsell is from these things to abstaine.
I will not headlong ouer mountaines tread,
Nor following me shall any be misled:
But of the maide by whom thou send'st thy letter,
With her care pleate thee well, with her face better
Begin not therefore with the Maide to toy.
Thy Mistris loue and fauour first enioy.
One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
Nor let my words amongst the windes depart:
If thou hast mou'd her once take no denyall,
Resolue to act, or neuer to make tryall,
From feare and blame thou art secure and free,
As soone as she partakes the crime with thee.
You see the bird that to the morning sings,
Cannot soare high, when she hath lim'd her wings:
Nor can the sauage Boare with brisled backe,
Breake through those toyles, which he before made slacke.
The fish that glides along the siluer brook,
Is quickly drawne, being wounded with the hooke,
So hauing once but tride her, make her yeeld,
And neuer part but conquer from the field:
The fault being mutuall, knowing how she fell
The bashfull girle will be asham'd to tell.
But shee can shew thee in familiar phrase,
Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and sayes.
Alwayes be secret if your gilt appeare,
'Twill in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare.
He is deceiu'd that thinkes all times auaile
For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to sayle:
All seasons are not kinde when men should sow,
Times must be pickt, to haue your graine well grow.

Nor alwayes is the ſurging ocean fit,
That the well fraughted ſhip may ſaile in it:
Nor is it alwayes time faire girles to woe,
Sometimes abſtaine, ſo doth thy Maſter doe.
Omit her birth-day, and thoſe Calends miſſe,
When *Mars* and *Venus* both abſtaine to kiſſe:
At ſome forbidden ſeaſons being deckt,
With princely tire, vſe her with great reſpect:
In the breame winter when that *Phœbes* raine,
From the ſweet worke of *Venus* moſt abſtaine:
Forbeare the like reſort amongſt thy wenches,
When that the tender kidd the ocean drenches,
Thou ſhalt begin euen in that very day,
When wofull and lamenting *Alila*.
Lookes on the tragicke earth made crimſon red,
With the wild *Romans* wounds which that day bled
Or in the ſeuenth feaſt which is held diuine,
And honoured by the men of *Paleſtine*.
Thy Ladyes birth day Ceremonies make,
And ſuperſtitiouſly all workes forſake,
Aboue all dayes let that a blacke day be,
When thou giueſt ought, or ſhe doth beg of thee
You ſhall haue ſome into your boſomes creepe,
Who itſtingly will ſnatch things they will keepe.
And by ſome ſlight and pretty wanton ſuite,
To enrich themſelues will leaue thee deſtitute,
Firſt ſhall the linnen draper bring his wares,
And lay his pack wide open, at the Faires.
She will peruſe them as thou ſtandſt her nigh,
The whilſt the Draper askes what will you buy?
Strait will ſhe craue thy iudgement in the Lawne,
Thou by degrees to ſhew thy skill art drawne:
Then will ſhe kiſſe thee, pray thee ſhe may try it,
Thus by her flattery thou art wonne to buy it.

Canſt

Canſt thou deny the wanton ſhe will ſweare,
This gift ſhall ſerue her uſe for many a yeare:
It is now cheape ſhe hath great need of this,
And euery word ſhe mingles with a kiſſe.
Haſt thou no coyne about thee thou ſhalt ſend,
To intreat it by a letter from thy frend.
What muſt I needs preſent her with this casket,
Becauſe that on her birth day ſhe doth ask it?
Then euery day ſhe wants ſhe will be ſworne,
That as that very day ſhe's bred and borne,
Or when I ſee her how ſhe ſadly weeps,
And fayning ſome falſe loſſe much ſeeking keepes,
As if ſhe had let fall ſome pretious thing,
A iewell from her eare, her hand a ring.
What's that to me, or if I here her pray,
To borrow this or that vntill ſome day.
What's lent is loſt, and to be found no more.
Women things borrowed neuer will reſtore.
Ten tongues, as many mouthes cannot impart,
Halfe the ſleights vſed in the ſtrumpets art,
Make loue with letters and thy money ſaue,
And let them wax, and inke, and paper haue,
Keepe what thou haſt, for words good words ſurren-
der.
For flattery, like falſhood euer tender.
Faire words are cheape, what more thou giu'ſt is
Flatter, ſpeake faire, 'tis done with little coſt.
Old *Priam* by intreaty *Hector* wonne,
Which bribed *Achilles* neuer would haue done:
Force is but weake, intreaty hath her odds.
So we intreate but not inforce the gods.
A promiſe is a charme to make fooles fat,
Be full of them, promiſe no matter what.
A promiſe is a meere inchanting witch,
By promiſes 'tis an eaſie matter to be rich.

Dato dona ſicut dat mella geniſta.

The hope of gaine will keepe thy credit free,
Hope is a goddesse false yet true to thee.
Giue her and say, you part on some disdaine,
Thou by her looseth, she by thee shall gaine:
Be allwaies giuing, but your gift still keepe,
And thy delayes in wordes well harmed steepe.
So hath the barren field deceiu'd the swaine,
So doth the Gamster loose in hope to gaine:
Loue that on euen hands growes is most pure,
That which comes gratis longest doth endure.
Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her.
A letter breakes the ice of any suiter:
A letter in an apple writ and sent,
Wonne faire *Cidippe* to her louers bent.
You *Roman* Youthes all other toyes resigne:
Leaue the seuen liberall Arts and Muses nine:
As when you heare an Orator declaime,
The people iudge and Senat grace the same.
So when the faire maids thou shalt come among,
Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,
But speake not by the booke, it breeds offence,
To court in strange and fustian eloquence:
None but a gull such Bastard words will praise,
Or in his speech vse an inforced phrase.
Who but a mad man else with Orations,
Plead to his loue and woe in declamations
Vse a smooth language, and accustomed speech,
And with no straining discourse loue beseech,
As if thou camst to speak a studied part,
But as immediately sent from the heart.
If she receiue thy lines, and scornes to read them,
But casting them away, on the ground tread them:
Despaire not though, but that she may in time,
And will with iudging eyes perule thy time,

In

In time the ſtubborne Heifers draw the waine,
In time the wildeſt ſteeds do brooke the raine:
Time frets hard iron, in time the plowſhares worne
Yet the ground ſoft by which the ſteele is torne.
What's harder then a ſtone, or what more ſoft
Then water is, and yet by dropings oft
The gentle raine will eat into the flints,
And in their hard ſides leaues impreſſiue dints.
Do but perſiſt the ſuite thou haſt begone:
In time will chaſte *Penelope* be wonne:
Long was it ere the Cittie *Troy* was taine:
Yet was it burnt at length and *Priam* ſlaine.
Hath ſhe peruſe the ſcroule thou didſt indite,
And will ſhe not as yet an anſwer write:
Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
That ſhe hath read it, and thy loue doth ſee.
Feare not, if once ſhe read what thou haſt write,
She will vouchſafe in time to anſwer it.
At firſt perhaps her letter will be ſowr,
And on thy hopes her paper ſeeme to lowr:
In which ſhe will coniure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbeare thy hated ſuite
Tuſh, what ſhe moſt forwarnes ſhe moſt deſires,
In froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.
Onely purſue to reape what thou haſt ſowne,
A million to a mite ſhe is thy owne.
If thou by chance haſt found her in ſome place,
Downe on her back and vpwards with her face.
Occaſion ſmiles upon thee, thanke thy fate,
Steale to her beſides with a theeuiſh gate:
And hauing wonne, vnto her wiſely beare thee,
With watchfull care that no Eauſedropper heare
Or if ſhe walke abroad without delay,
Be thou a quicke ſpie to obſerue her way.

When thou meeteſt her abroad.

Keepe in her eye, and croſſe her in the ſtreet,
Here ouertake her, at that corner meet;
Then come behinde her, then out ſtrip her pace,
And now before her, and now after trace.
Now faſt, now ſlow, and euer moue ſome ſtay,
That ſhe may finde thee ſtill firſt in her way,
Nor be affraid if thou occaſion ſpie,
To iog her elbow as thou paſſeſt by.
When thou findeſt her in the Theater.
Or if thou happeneſt to behold from farr,
Thy Miſtris croſſing to the Theater:
Hye to the place, being there look round about thee
And in no ſeate let her be found without thee
No matter though the play thou do not minde.
Thou ſights enough within her face ſhalt find:
There ſtand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,
There ſpeaking lookes may whiſper thy deſire,
Applaud him whom ſhe likes, if thou diſcouer,
In any ſtraine a true well acted louer.
Make him thy inſtance, court her by all skill,
If ſhe riſe, riſe, if ſhe ſit, ſit thee ſtill:
Laugh thou but whē ſhe ſmiles, die when ſhe lowers
And in her lookes and geſtures looſe thy howers.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not weare,
Vſe not hot irons to criſpe and curle thy haire,
No ſpruce ſtarch faſhions ſhould on louers waite,
Men beſt become a meere neglected gate.
Blunt *Theſeus* came with no perfumes to *Creete*
And yet great *Minos* daughter thought him ſweete.
Phœdra did loue *Hippolitus*, yet he,
Had on his back no Courtly brauery.
Adonis like a woodman ſtill was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the louely lad:
Go neate and handſome, comelines beſt pleaſes
And the deſire of women, ſooneſt ceaſes.

Vſe

Vſe a meete gate, thy garments without ſtaine,
Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine,
Thy tong haue without roughnes, thy teeth cleare
And white, and let no ruſt inhabite there,
Weare thy ſhoes cloſe and fit and not to wide,
Cut thy haire compaſſe, euen on either ſide:
Let no diſordered haires here and there ſtand,
But haue thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand:
Make blunt thy nailes, pare them & keep them low
Let no ſtiffe haires within thy noſtrils grow:
Keepe thy breath ſweet and freſh, leſt ranke it ſmell
Such is the aire where bearded goates do dwell.
All other looſe tricks and effeminate toyes:
Leaue thou to wanton girles and iugling boyes:
Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
He fauor louers and thoſe amourous flames,
In which he hath bene ſcorcht; it ſo fell out,
Mad *Ariadne* ſtraid the Ile about:
Being left alone within that deſert plaine,
Where the brooke *Dia* pores into the maine.
Who making from her reſt her vaile vnbound,
Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
Her golden haire diſolued, aloud ſhe rawes,
Calling on *Theſeus* to the defuſed waues.
On *Theſeus*, cruell *Theſeus*, whom ſhe ſeeks, (cheeks
Whilſt ſhowers of teares makes furrowes in her
She calls and weeps, & weeps and calls at once,
Which might to ruth moue the ſenceles ſtones.
Yet both alike became her, they grac'd her,
The whilſt ſhe ſtriues to call him, or cry faſter,
Then beates ſhe her ſoft breaſt, and makes it grone
And then ſhe cries what is falſe *Theſeus* gone?
What ſhall I do? ſhe cries, what ſhall I do?
And with that note ſhe runs the Forreſt through

The tale of Theſeus and Ariadne.

When ſuddenly her eares might vnderſtand,
Cymballs and Tinbrels touch't with a loud hand:
To which the forreſt woods and caues reſound:
And now amaz'd ſhe ſenceles falls to ground.
Behold the *Nymphes* come with their ſcattered hair
Falling behind, which they like garments weare,
And the light *Satires*, and vnlowarde crew,
Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
Then old *Silenus* on his lazie aſſe,
Nods with his drunken pate about to paſſe.
Wherethe poore Ladie, all in teares lies drown'd,
Scarce ſits the drunkard, but he falls to ground,
Scarce holds the bridle faſt, but ſtaggering ſtoopes,
Following thoſe giddy *Bacchanlian* troopes.
Who dance the wild *Lavalto* on the graſſe
Whilſt with a ſtaffe he layes vpon his aſſe.
At length when the young *Satyrs* leaſt ſuſpect,
He tumbling falls quite from his aſſes neck:
But vp they heaue him, whilſt each *Satyre* cries,
Riſe good old father, good old Father riſe,
Now comes the god himſelfe, next after him,
His vine like Chariot driuen with *Tygres* grimme:
Colour and voice, and *Theſeus* ſhe doth lack:
There would ſhe fly, and their feare pulld her back:
She trembles like a ſtalke the winde doth ſhake
Or a weake reed that growes beſides the lake.
To whom the Gods ſpake, Lady take good cheare,
See one more faithfull then falſe *Theſeus* here.
Thou ſhalt be wife to *Bacchus* for a gift,
Receiue high heauen, and to the ſpheares be lift,
Where thou ſhalt ſhine a ſtarre to guide by night,
The wandring Seaman in his courſe aright:
This ſaid, leaſt that his *Tygres* ſhould affray,
The trembing maide, the God his coach doth ſtay.

And

And leaping from his Chariot with his heeles,
He prints the ſand, with that the *Nymph* he ſeeles:
And hugging her, in vaine ſhe doth reſiſt.
He beares her thence, Gods can do what they liſt.
Some *Hymen* ſing, and *Io* cry,
So *Bacchus* with the maide that night doth lye:
Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
And thou that night vnto thy loue doth owe:
Pray to the god of grapes that in thy bed,
The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
In wine much hidden talke thou maiſt inuent
To giue thy Lady note of thy intent.
To tell her thou art hers and ſhe is thine,
Thus euen at board make loue tricks in the wine.
Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
How with thy ſpeaking eye to moue thy ſuite:
Good language may be made in lookes and wincks,
Be firſt that takes the cup wherein ſhe drinks.
And note the very place her lip did tuch
Drinke juſt at that, let thy regard be ſuch.
Or when ſhe carues, what part of all the meate
She with her finger tuch that cut and eate:
Or if thou carue to her or, ſhe to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
Be with her friend familiar, and be ſure,
It much auailes to make thy loue endure:
When thou drink'ſt, drink to him aboue the reſt,
Grace him, and make thy ſelfe a thankfull gueſt,
In euery thing preferre him to his face.
Though in his function he be nere ſo baſe.
The courſe is ſafe and doth ſecureneſſe lend,
For who ſuſpectleſſe may not greet his friend.
Yet though the path thou tread'ſt ſeem ſtraight and plaine,
In ſome things it is full of rubs againe.

Loue tricks vſed in eating and drinking.

Drinke

Drinke ſparingly, for my impoſe is ſuch,
And in your ſinging him take not too much:
Carrouſe not to much. Carrouſe not but with ſoft and moderate ſups,
Haue a regard and meaſure in your cups.
Let both the feete and thoughts their office know,
Chiefly beware of brawling which may grow
By too much wine, from fighting moſt abſtaine,
In ſuch a quarrell was *Eurition* ſlaine: (after,
Where ſwaggering leades the way miſchiefe comes
Iunkets and wine were made for mirth & laughter,
Sing. Sing if thy voice be delicate and ſweet,
Dance. If thou canſt dance then nimbly ſhake thy feet.
If thou haſt in thee ought that's more then comm̃,
Shew it; ſuch gifts as theſe moſt pleaſe a woman.
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the braine,
Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.
Inſtruct thy liſping tongue ſometimes to trip,
That if a word miſplac'd do paſſe thy lip:
At which the carping preſence find ſome clauſe,
It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cauſe.
Then boldly ſay, how happy were that man,
That could enfould thee in his armes and then
Wiſh to embrace her in her ſweet hearts ſtead,
Whom in her eare thou raueſt to ſee dead.
But when the tables drawne and ſhe among:
The full crew riſing thruſt into the throng.
And tuch her ſoftly as ſhe forth doth goe,
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to ſpeake, be not afraid,
Him that is bold both loue and fortune aid.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick true loue ſhow,
Good words vnwares vpon thy tongue will flow,
Make as thy tong could wound thy ſoul with griefe
And vſe what art thou canſt to win reliefe.

All

All women of themſelues ſelfe-loued are,
The fouleſt in their owne conceits are faire:
Praiſe them, they will beleeue thee I haue knowne,
A meere diſsembler a true louer growne.
Prouing in earneſt what he faind in ſport,
Then, oh you Maides, vſe men in gentle ſort:
Be affable, and kinde, and ſcorne eſchew,
Loue forg'd at firſt may at the laſt proue true.
Let faire wordes worke into their hearts as brooks,
Into a hollow band that ouer looks:
The margent of the water praiſe her cheeke:
The coulour of her haire commend and like.
Her ſlender finger and her pretty foot,
Her body and each part that longs vnto't:
And women as you hope my ſtile ſhall raiſe you,
I charge you to beleeue men when they praiſe you,
For praiſes pleaſe the chaſteſt maids delight.
To heare their Louers in their praiſe to write,
Iuno and *Pallas* hate the *Phrigian* ſoyle:
Where *Paris* to their beauties gaue the foile.
Euen yet they enuy *Venus* and ſtill dare her,
To come to a new iudgement which is fairer.
The Peacock being praiſed ſpreads his traine,
Be ſilent and he hides his wealth againe.
Horſes trapt richly praiſe them in their race,
They will curuet and proudly mend their pace.
Large promiſes in loue I much alow,
Nay call the gods as witneſſe to thy vow:
For *Ioue* himſelfe ſits in the azure skies,
And laughes below at louers periuries.
Commanding *Eolus* to diſperſe them quite,
Euen *Ioue* himſelfe hath falſly ſworne ſome write.
By *Stix* to *Iuno*, and ſince then doth ſhow,
Fauours to us that falſly ſweare below.

Gods

Gods ſurely be gods, we muſt thinke they are,
To them burne incenſe and due rights prepare:
Nor do they ſleepe as many thinke they do,
Lead harmeleſſe liues, pay debts and forfeits to,
Keepe couenant with thy friend and baniſh fraud,
Kill not, and ſuch a man the gods applaud.
Say women none deceiue, the gods haue ſpoken,
There is no paine impoſ'd on faith ſo broken.
Fallere fallentem non eſt fraus. Deceiue the ſly deceiuer they finde ſnares,
To catch poore harmeleſſe louers vnawares.
Lay the like traines for them; nine yeare ſome faine
In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of raine,
Buſiris kild Thratius becauſe he was a ſtranger. When *Thratius* to the grimme *Buſiris* goes,
And from the Oracle this anſwer ſhowes:
That *Ioue* muſt be appeaſ'd with ſtrangers blood,
They ſaid *Buſiris* kild him where he ſtood:
And ſaid withall thou ſtranger firſt art ſlaine,
To appeaſe the Gods and bring great *Egypt* raine
Phallaris bull, King *Phallaris* firſt ſaid;
With the worke maſter that the Engine made:
Both Kings were iuſt, death deaths inuenter try,
And iuſtly in their owne inuentions die,
So ſhould falſe oathes, by right falſe oathes beguile
And a deceitfull girle be caught by wile:
Weepe to her, Then teach thy eyes to weepe, tears perſwade truth
And moues obdurat *Adamant* to ruth.
At ſuch ſpeciall times that paſſing by,
She may perceiue a teare ſtand in thy eye.
Or if tears faile, as ſtill thou canſt not get them,
Kiſſe her. With thy moiſt finger rub thy eyes and wet them
Who but a foole that canot iudge of bliſſes,
But when he ſpeakes will with his word mixe kiſſes,
Say ſhe be coy and will giue none at all,
Take them vngiuen, perhaps at firſt ſhee'l brawle.

Striue

Striue and reſiſt her all the wayes ſhe can,
And ſay withall away you naughtie man.
Yet will ſhe fight like one would looſe the field,
And ſtriuing gladly be conſtraind to yeeld:
Be not ſo boiſterous, do not ſpeake to hie:
Leſt by rude hurting of her lips ſhe cry.
He that gets kiſſes with his pleading tongue,
And gets not all things that to loue belong;
I count him for a Meacocke and a ſot.
Worthy to looſe the kiſſes that he got,
What more then kiſſing wanted of the game,
Was thy meere daſtardie, not baſhfull ſhame:
They terme it force, ſuch force comes welcome ſtill,
What pleaſeth them they grant againſt their will.
Phœbe the faire was forc'd ſo was her ſiſter,
Yet *Phœbe* in her heart thank'd him that kiſt her:
There is a tale well knowne how *Hecubs* ſonne,
To ſteale faire *Hellen* through the ſtreame did run,
Venus who by his cenſure wonne in *Ide*,
Gaue to him in requitall this faire bride:
Now for another world doth ſaile with ioy,
A welcome daughter to the king of *Troy*
The whileſt the Grecians are already come,
Mou'd with this publick wrong againſt *Ilium*:
Achilles in a ſmok his Sex doth ſmother,
And layes the blame upon his careſull mother.
What makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,
When *Pallas* in a caske ſhould hide thy skull?
What doth that palme with webs and abrids of gold
Which are more fit a warlike ſhield to hold?
Why ſhould that right hand rocke and twig contain
By which the *Troyan Hector* muſt be ſlaine,
Caſt off theſe looſe vailes and thy armour take.
And in thy hand the ſpeare of *Pelias* ſhake.

Thus

Thus Lady like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was her belly did bewray:
Yet was ſhe fore'd; ſo oft we to beleeue,
Not to be ſo inforſt how would ſhe grieue.
When he ſhould riſe from her ſtill would ſhe cry,
For he had arm'd him and his Rocke laid by,
Be ſecrtt in loue. And with a ſoft voice ſpake *Achille* ſtay,
It is to ſoone to riſe. lie downe I pray:
And then the man that forc'd her ſhe would kiſſe,
What force *Deidemeia* call you this.
There is a kinde of feare in the firſt proffer,
But hauing once begun ſhe takes the offer,
Truſt not to much young man to thy faire face,
Nor looke a woman ſhould entreat thy grace,
Firſt let a man with ſweet words ſmooth his way,
Be forward in her eare to ſue and pray.
If thou wilt reape fruites of thy loues effects,
Onely begin 'tis all that ſhe expects,
So in the ancient times *Olimpian Ioue*,
Made to *Heroes* ſuite and wonne their loue:
But if thy words breed ſcorne, a while forbeare,
For many what moſt flies them hold moſt deare:
And what they may haue profer'd fly and ſhunne,
By ſoft retreate great vantage may be wonne.
In perſon of a woer come not ſtill,
But ſometimes as a friend in meere good will:
Thou camſt her friend, but ſhalt returne her Loue,
A white ſoft hew my iudgement doth diſproue
Giue me a face whoſe coulour knowes no art,
Which the greene ſea hath tan'd the Sunne made
Beauty not approued in a man. Beauty is meere vncomely in a Clowne, (ſwart:
That vnder the hot Planets plough the ground.
And thou that *Pallas* Garland wouldſt redeeme,
To haue a white face it would ill beſeene.

Let

Let him that loues looke pale, for I proteſt,
That coulour in a Louer ſtill ſhewes beſt,
Orion wandring in the woods I ookt ſickly,
Daphne being once in loue loſt colour quickly
Thy leanneſſe argues loue, ſeeme ſparely fed
And ſometimes weare a nightcap on thy head,
For griefs and cares that in affl ctions ſhow,
Weaken a Louers ſpirits and bring him low.
Looke miſerably poore, it much behoues,
That all that ſee you, may ſay, yon man loues,
Shall I proceed or ſtay, moue or diſwade?
Friendſhip and faith of no account are made.
Loue mingles right with wrong, friendſhip deſpiſes
And the world faith holds vaine, and ſlightly priſes.
Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend,
To thy companion or thy truſty friend:
Leaſt of thy praiſe enamoured it may breed,
Like loue in them with paſſions that exceed,
Yet was the nuptiall bed of great *Achilles*
Vnſtain'd by his deare friend *Aſtorides*:
The wife of *Theſeus* though ſhe went ſtray,
Was chaſt as much as in *Pithirous* lay.
Phœbus and *Pallas*, *Hermonius*, *Phillades*,
And the two twins we call *Tentarides*:
Tend to the like, but he that in theſe daies,
For the like truſt acquires the ſelfe ſame praiſe.
He may aſwell from weedes ſeeke ſweete roſe buds,
Apples of thornetrees, honie from the flouds.
Nothing is practiſ'd now, but what is ill,
Pleaſure is each mans God, ſaith they excell:
And that ſtolne pleaſure is reſpect d chiefe,
Which falls to one man by anothers griefe:
O miſchiefe you young louers, feare not thoſe,
That are your open and profeſsed foes,

Looke pale.

Leane.

Sickly.

Suſpect thy friend in loue.

Suſpect

Suſpect thy friend, though elſe in all things luſt.
Yet in thy loue he will deceiue thy truſt,
Friends breed true feares in loue the preſence hate
Of thy neare kinſman, brother and ſworne mate.
I was about to end, but loe I ſee,
Quot capita tot ſenſus. How many humorous thoughts in women be,
But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raiſe,
A thouſand humors woe a thouſand wayes:
One plot of ground all ſimples cannot bring,
This is for vines, here corne their oliues ſpring,
More then be ſeuerall ſhapes beneath the skies,
Haue womens geſtures, thoughts, and fantaſies?
He that is apt will in himſelfe deuiſe,
Innumerable ſhapes of fit diſguiſe,
To ſhift and change like *Proteus* whom wee ſee.
A Lion firſt, a bore, and then a tree.
Some fiſhes ſtrangely by a dart are tooke,
Theſe by a net and others by a hooke:
All ages not alike intrapped are,
The crooked old wife ſees the traine from far.
Appeare not learned vnto one that's rude,
Nor looſe to one with chaſtitie indu'd:
Shoule you ſo do alas the pretty elues,
Would in the want of Art diſtruſt themſelues,
Hence comes it, their beſt fortunes ſome refuſe
And the baſe bed of an inferior chuſe:
Part of my toyles remaines, and part is paſt
Here doth my ſhaken ſhip her ancker caſt.

FINIS.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE.

SIng *Io Pæan*, twice twice *Io* say,
My toyles are pitcht, & I haue caught my prayt
Let the glad Louer crowne my head with bayes
And before old blind *Homer Ouid* praise.
So did king *Priams* sonne exulting skip, *Paris.*
With the faire rauish'd *Hellen* in his ship: *Pelops.*
So did he sing that in his chariot runne,
And Victor like the bright *Atlanta* wonne.
Whether away young man thy barke is lost,
Yet in the mid-sea farre from any coast:
'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,
To finde a Lady that commandes thy heart,
The reach of my inuention is much deeper.
By art thou her shalt win, by art shalt keepe her:
As difficult it is by art to blinde her.
To thy desires, as at the first to finde her.
In this consists the substance of my skill,
Cupid and *Venus* both assist me still.
And gratious *Erato* my stile prepare,
Thou art the muse that hast of Louers care,
I promise wondrous things, I will explaine,
How fickle thoughts in loue may firme remaine,

And how the wag in fetters may be hurl'd,
That strayes and wanders round about the world:
Yet is loue light and hath too wings to fly:
Tis hard to outstrip him mounting the skie.
The tale of Dedalus & his sonne Icarus.
What *Minos* to his gueſt alwayes denied,
A deſperate paſsage through the aire he tried:
As *Dedalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In which to ſhut the Queene *Paſiphaes* guilt.
Kneeling he ſayes, iuſt *Minos* end my mones,
And let my natiue country ſhroud my bones.
Grant me great king, what yet the fates deny,
And where I haue not lued ô let me die:
Or if dread Soueraigne I deſerue no grace,
Looke with a pitious eye on my childs face.
And grant him haue, from whence we are exilde,
Or pitty me, if you deny my childe.
This and much more he ſayes, but all in vaine:
Both ſonne and ſire ſtill doth the king detaine.
Which he perceiuing, ſaid, now now tis fit,
To giue the world cauſe to admire thy wit:
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor land nor ſea lies open to our flight:
Onelie the aire remaines, then let vs trie,
To cut a paſsage through the aire and flie:
Ioue be auſpitious to my enterpriſe,
I couet not to mount aboue the skies,
But make this refuge ſince I can prepare,
No meanes to flie my Lord, but through the aire:
Make me immortall, bring me to the brim,
Of the blacke *Stigian* waters, *Styx* Ile ſwim.
Oh humane wit thou canſt inuent much ill,
Thou ſearcheſt ſtrang arts who world think by skil
A heauie man like a light bird ſhould ſtray,
And through the emptie heauens find a ſit way.

He

He placeth in iuſt order all his quils,
Whoſe bottoms with reſolued wax he fills?
Then bindes them with a line, and being faſt tide,
He placeth them like oares on either ſide.
The little lad the downie feathers blew,
And what his father wrought he nothing knew:
The wax he ſoftened with the ſtrings he plaid,
Not thinking for his ſhoulders they were made:
To whom his father ſpake, and then lookt pale,
With theſe ſwift ſhips we to our land muſt ſaile,
All paſſage now doth cruell *Minos* ſtop,
Onely the empty aire he ſtill leaues ope:
That way muſt we, the land and the rough deepe,
Both *Minos* barre the aire, he can not keepe,
But in the way beware thou ſet no eie,
On the ſigne *Virgo* nor *Bootes* hie:
Looke not the blacke *Orion* in the face,
That beares a ſword, but iuſt with me keepe place,
Thy wings are now in faſtning, follow me,
I will before thee flie, as thou ſhalt ſee.
Thy father mount or ſtoope, ſo I arreed thee,
Take me thy guide and ſafely I will lead thee.
If we ſhould ſoare too neare great *Phœbus* ſeate,
The melting wax will not endure the heate.
Or if we fly too neare the humid ſeas,
Our moiſtened wings we ſhall not ſhake with eaſe,
Fly betweene both, and with the guſts that riſe,
Set thy light bodie ſaile amidſt the skies.
And euer as his little ſonne he charmes,
He fits the feathers to his tender armes,
And ſhewes him how to moue his body light,
As birds do teach the little young ones flight:
By this he calls a counſell of his wits,
And his owne wings vnto his ſhoulders fits.

Being about to rise he feareſull quakes,
And in his new way his faint body ſhakes:
But ere he tooke his flight he kiſt his ſonne,
Whilſt floods of tears downe by his cheeks did run.
There was a hillock not ſo high and tall,
As lofty mountains be: nor yet ſo ſmall:
To be with vallies euen, and yet a hill,
From this they both attempt their vncouth skil:
The father moues his wings and with reſpect,
His eyes vpon his wandring ſonne reflect.
They beare a ſpatious courſe and the apt boy.
Fearleſſe of harmes in his new tract doth ioy.
And flies more boldly now vpon them lookes,
The fiſhermen that angle in the brookes.
And with their eyes caſt vpwards frighted ſtand,
By this is *Samos* Iſle on their left hand:
With *Maxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the reſt,
Fearleſſe they take the courſe that likes them beſt
Vpon the right hand *Eencithos* they forſake.
Now *Aſtpelea* with thy fiſhie lake:
Shadie *Pachinne* full of woods and groues:
When the raſh boy to bold in ventring roues.
Looſes his guide, and takes his flight ſo hie.
That the ſoft wax againſt the Sunne doth fry.
And the cords ſlip that made the feathers faſt,
So that his armes haue power vpon no blaſt:
He feareſully from the high clouds looks downe;
Vpon the lower heauens whoſe curld waues frowne
At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
He ſees black night and death before his eyes:
Now melts the wax his naked arme he ſhake.
And ſeeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
But now the naked lad downe headlong falls,
And by the way he father; father calls?

Help

Helpe father, helpe he cries, and as he speakes
A violent waue his course of language breakes,
The vnhappy father, but no father now,
Cryes out aloud, sonne *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*? where dost thou fly?
Icarus where art? when straight he doth espie,
The feathers swimme, thus loud he doth exclame,
The earth his bones, the Sea still keepes his name.
Minos could not restraine a man from flight,
But winged *Cupid* be he nere so light.
He gulls himselfe that seekes to witches craft,
Or with a young coles forhead make a draft.
No power in wise *Medeus* potions dwells,
Nor drowned poysons mixt with magicke spels.
The power of loue is not inbred by these,
For were it so, then had *Erasinides*
Beene stayd by *Phasus*, and *Vlisse* keepe,
Who stole from *Circe*, while the inchantresse slept.
These charmed drugs modes madnesse hunts the brain
To gaine pure loue, pure loue returne a gain.
Mischieuous thoughts eschew to purchase grace.
Manners preuailes more then a beautious face,
And yet the *Nimphes* the loue of *Nilus* seeke,
And *Homer* doats on *Nireus* the faire Greeke,
But trust not thou the beautie to keepe kind,
Thy mistris seekes the beauty of thy minde
All outward beautie fades as yeares increase,
Euen so it weares away and waxeth lesse.
Beautie in her owne course is ouertaken,
The violet now fresh is, strait forsaken.
Nor allwayes do the Lilies of the field,
The glorious beauties of their object yeeld.
The fragrant rose once pluckt the briery throne,
Shewes rough & naked, on which the rose was born

Vse in Charmes

No Magick potions

Vse manners.

Oh thou most faire, white haires come on apace,
And wrinkled furrowes which will plough thy face:
Instruct thy soule, thy thoughts haue perfect made,
These beauties last till death, all others fade.
To liberall arts thy carefull howers apply,
Learne many tongues with their true Euphony:
Vlisses was not faire but eloquent,
Yet to his Loue the Sea *Nymphes* did consent,
How often did the Witch his stay implore,
Making the Seas vnfit for sayle or oare?
She praid him oft, because he spake so well,
Ouer and ouer *Troyes* sad fate to tell.
Whilst he with pithy words and fluent phrase,
Recents the selfe same storie diuers wayes:
Calipso as they on the Sea banke stood,
Casting their eyes vpon the neighbouring flood:
Desires the fall and bloudy acts to heare,
Wrought by the *Ordrisian* Captaines sword & speare
Then holding twixt his fingers a white wand,
What she requests he drawes vpon the sand.
Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paints
Thinke *Simois* this imagine these my tents:
There was a place in which *Dolon* was slaine,
About the virgill watch when with the raine.
The *Hemonian* horses play, and as he speakes,
To counterfeit that place the sand he breakes.
Here *Scithian Rhesus* tents are pight on high,
This way his horses en slaine, returned I.
More did he draw, when on the sudaine low,
A brimming waue the shore doth ouerflow.
And as her drops amidst his workes doth fall,
It washt away his tents, his *Troy* and all:
To which the Goddesse dares *Vlisses* try,
These senselesse violent waues that clime so hie:

And

And wilt thou with these waters be annoyed,
By which so great names are so soone destroyed.
Then trust no idle shape, it will decay,
Seeke inward beauty, such as last for aye:
Sweete affability will enter farre
Into a womans breast, when scorne breeds warre.
We hate the hawke and loath her flesh to eate,
Because by rapine she doth get her meate.
The Woolfe we hunt, and enuy all her stocke,
Because the Lambe she kils, and spoiles the flocke:
But none the gentle swallow layes to catch,
The louing stockes within our turrets hatch,
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,
Loue with kind language and faire speeches speeds
Strife makes the married couple often iarre:
The man with wife, the wife with man to warre:
Leaue brauls to wiues, they are their marriage dower,
And with kinde words salute thy Paramore
When by appointment you shall meet in bed,
By the lawes done, you are not thither led:
Strict statutes from such actions still withdraw,
Yet your abounding loue supplie the Law:
Bring louing speeches to enchant the eare,
And moouing words such as she ioies to heare:
I am not Tutor vnto him that's rich,
My precepts soare not to so high a pitch.
The Louer that's endow'd with gold or fee,
And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at euery word can take supply,
Hath in that euery word more wit then I:
We yeeld to him he that their laps can fill.
Teacheth an art that goes beyond my skill.
My Muse instructs poore Louers wanting pelfe,
For when I lou'd I was but poore my selfe:

Still as my purse no store of crownes affords,
I in the stead of rich gifts give fair words:
Be fearfull you poore lovers to displease,
Be patient to endure thinges against your ease.
Things that the rich would scorne, it was my hap:
Once as my head lay in my mistris lap:
To grow inrag'd, when straight I fell to beate her,
To touse her ordered locks and ill intreate her.
But what ensude oh God, much griefe it cost me,
Many sweet dayes, many sweet nights it lost me.
Whether I touch her clothes, I might deny,
She saies I tore them, I some new must buy:
You schollers by your Masters harmes beware,
These ills by him already proued are.
Make against the *Parthians* warre, but to thy Loue
Being concord peace, and all things that can moue:
Though at the first you finde him but vntoward,
Beare it, and she in time will proue lesse froward.
The crooked arme that from the tree is cut,
By gentle viage is made straite, but put
Such violence is it as thy strength deliuers
And thou wilt breake the short wood into shiures.
By industry thou maist ore-swimme a floud,
Whose raging current lesse is scarce withstood.
By industry the *Tigres* gently grow:
And the wild Lions may be tamed so.
The sauage Bull whose fierce ire doth prouoke,
By industry is brought vnto the yoake:
Arcadian Atalanta was most cruelie,
At length came one whom she esteem'd her Iewell.
Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his mishap,
And her seuerity who sought to intrapt
Her harmelesse Louers, oft, at her fierce becke,
He laid betwixt his shoulders and her necke.

Repentant.

The

The toyles for ſauage Beaſts: and with his ſpeare,
He pierſt ſuch vntam'd cattell as came neare:
To ſuch hard taskes I do not thee compell
To arme thy body againſt Monſters fell.
In the wide wildernesſe to ſeeke out broyles,
Nor on thy necke to beare the guilefull toyles.
My impoſition is not ſeuere:
No ſuch aduentures are inioyned here.
This onely meanes all dangers will diſperſe:
Yeeld her her humour when ſhe goes perverſe: *Humor her.*
What ſhe in conference argues, argue thou,
What ſhe approues, in ſelfeſame words allow,
Say what ſhe ſaies, deny what ſhe denies,
If ſhe laugh, laugh, if ſhe weepe wet thine eyes.
And let thy countenance be to thine a law,
To keepe thy actions and thy lookes in awe:
Or if thou hand to hand ſhalt play at dice, *Looſe to her*
At tables or at ſhifts by ſome deuiſe, *at game*
Let her depart a Conqueroure elſe were ſinne;
What gladly thou wouldſt looſe, that let her win.
Let thy officious hand then beare her fan: (man *Beare her fanne.*
When thou ſhalt chance her through the ſtreets to
Make thy ſupporting arme to hers a ſtay,
Through throngs and preſſes vſher her the way.
As ſhe aſcends her bed ſet her a ſtaire.
By which to clime and every thing prepare:
That ſhe may ſee them done without offence,
Reach thou her pantofles or take them thence.
And ſtanding by to watch her while ſhe reſts,
Warme thy cold hands betwixt her panting breaſts
Nor thinke it baſe, 'twill pleaſe though it be baſe,
To hold the glaſſe vnto thy Miſtris face. *Hercules*
He that deſerv'd with him thoſe heauen to tarry:
Which he before vpon his backe did carry.

Performing

Performing more then *Iuno* could command him
So wrong, that no fierce mōster could withstād him
Euen he *Alcides Isles*, Grace to win.
Shapt like a woman did both card and spin.
Go thou, and in his seruill place proceed,
And gaine as faire a mistris for thy meed:
Art thou inioyn'd at such an hower to be,
In the great *Forum* where she waites for thee.
Hasten thy weary steps and thank thy fare,
Come there betimes, depart not thence till late:
Bids she thee go, all businesse lay apart,
Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart.
Sups she abroad, and wants she one to attend her,
Backe to her lodging, it will not offend her:
To wait her at the same place in the porch,
And light her home directly with a torch:
Is she in the Country, and commands thee come,
Hast thou no coach vpon thy ten toes run.
Let neither winter blast, nor stormes of haile,
Nor the hot thirstie dogstarre let thee faile:
Shun neither heate nor cold but see thou go,
Though euery step, thou treadst knee deep in snow
Loue is a kinde of war, all such depart,
As beare a timerous or a loathfull heart. (ons,
Nights, winters, long waies, watching griefe in mili-
Torments Loues souldiers in their soft pauilions:
On cold ground thou must lie, beare many a showr
When the heauens open and the floudgates powr:
So *Phœbus* when *Admetus* sheepe he kept,
In a thatch cottage on the cold flower slept.
What *Phœbus* did, who may it not beseeme,
Better then *Phœbus* of himselfe esteeme:
What mortall louer dare, then sloth despise,
You that confirm'd and lasting loue deuise.

If

If at the outward gate a watch ſtand centry,
Or ſay the bleers or locks deny the entry: (crall,
Search ſome ſtrange paſſage, through a caſement
Or by a cord downe from the chimney fall.
Thee in her louing armes ſhe ſtraite will take,
Reioicing how wouldſt hazard for her ſake:
Euery vaine feare and danger thou doſt proue,
Is a ſure pledge and token of thy loue:
Oft had *Leander* without *Hero* ſlept,
To find his loue into the ſea he leapt.
Thinke it no ſhame the fauour to deſerue,
Of euery Maid that doth thy Miſtris ſerue:
Salute them by their names in curteous ſort,
For theſe are they that can preferre thy ſport
And more and more into their grace to grow,
Some trifling gifts on each of them beſtow:
Eſpecially regard her ſmiles or frownes:
Whoſe office is to bruſh her Miſtris gownes:
To her make meanes, for ſhe is groome porter,
Both to her bed, and ſuch as do reſort her:
Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee ſend her,
I meane thy loue, but knacks of value ſlender.
As when the orchard boughes are clagd with fruite,
In ſome choice diſh from thence commend thy ſuite
And let the little page that beares them lay,
Though thou perhaps haſt bought them by the way
Theſe pears, or plums, or grapes which I preſent you
As his firſt fruites were by Miſtris ſent you.
Or be they hazell nuts, or cheſenuts great,
Euen ſuch as *Amarilis* lou'd to eate.
Or a young *Turkie*, theſe will ſhew thy hart.
Theſe gifts ſend freely, lay thy gold apart:
Such preſents neuer bring men to diſpaire,
To vntimely age, or to tormenting care.

Hazard for her.

To vſe her maides.

What gifts to ſend her.

O let them amongst others rot and perish.
That hate mens person, and their presence cherish.
Send her verses. What shall I bid thee send her, mewed rimes;
Alas, they find small honour in these times,
Verses they praise, but gold they most require,
If rich, though barbarous he commands desire:
This is the golden age: not that of old,
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the traine,
Yet without gold he may retire again:
Some girles their be but they be passing few,
Worthy to ranke amongst that learned crew.
Others unlearned there are yet would be held,
As if in skill in iudgment they excel'd:
Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile,
Of sweetest posie their worthes compile.
Note. Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteeme:
And like a slight gift thy sweet verses seeme.
What thou intend'st to do by some fine feate,
Cause of thy Lady may of thee entreat.
Art thou by couenant tide, and must it be,
That thou of force must set thy seruant free:
Contriue it so, that it she dare protest,
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
Art thou for any rash offence aswaged
So make thy peace, that she may be ingaged:
Do as thy profit leades thee and yet so,
That she for every thing thou dost may owe.
Praise her attire. And thou that hast as fond by passion deeme,
Thy Ladies grace and would'st her fauour keepe.
Make her beleeue still when thou view'st her face
Through all the world she is the fairest creature.
If cloth of *Tire* she weare that habit laud,
Her *Tertian* vesture with thy tongue applaud:

If

If silke which we from rich *Arabia* trafficke,
Sweare such attire cannot be found through *Affrick*
If cloth of gold she weare, tush gold is base,
If you compare her habit to her face:
If in the cold she but a freeze gowne weare,
Then her perfection makes that garment deare.
Is she compleatly dreſt, and rapt with ioy?
Cry out aloud my heart burnes bright as *Troy*.
Doth she aboue her forehead part her haire?
That louely ſeene doth make her twice as faire:
Are her curld locks in careleſſe trefſes dangled? *Her dancing,*
In theſe criſpe knots thy heart muſt be intangled. *Her voice.*
If she doth dance, admire her actiue feete,
If ſing her wonder at her voice ſo ſweet.
But when she ceaſeth, either then complaine,
Intreating her to try her skill againe,
Do this and were her heart as hard as braſſe,
Or more obdurate then *Meduſaes* was,
Yet she in time ſhall be compeld to yeeld,
And thou depart a Conqueror from the field:
Only beware of too apparent flattery,
It will deſtroy the ſiedge and tedious battery
Diſſembling with Art, tempered much imports,
Elſe from all future credit it dehorts:
In Autumne when the yeare is in his pride,
And the grape full with wine red's on the ſide.
When the cleare aire keeps a deuided ſeate,
Affording ſometimes cold and ſometimes heate.
Women are prone to loue healthfull and quicke,
But if by chance thy Lady be falne ſicke,
Make both thy loue, zeale, faith, & all things cheap,
Then ſow what with full ſickle thou maieſt reape,
Caſt all about her longing thoughts to pleaſe,
Seeme not as if thou lotheſt her diſeaſe:

Imploy

Imploy thy hand in each thing done to her,
These offices euen of themselues will woe her.
Let her behold thee weepe as thou stands by
That she may drinke each teare falls from thy eie,
Vow manie things, but all in publicke stile
Tell her thy pleasing dreames soe make her smile.
And let the trembling nurse thought fit to watch,
Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match:
Let her peruse the bed and make it soft,
Whilst with thy hand thou turnst & rearst her oft:
These are the easie footsteps thou mayst tread,
Which haue made way to manie a wanton bed:
No such faire office can with hate be stained,
Rather by these affection is soone gained.
But minister no drugs of bitter iuice,
Such let the riuall temper to his vse.
Now greater gusts must to my Barke giue motion,
Being from the shoare launcht forth into th'ocean.
Young loue at first is weake and craues forbearing
But in continuance gathers strength by wearing:
Yon moodie bull of whom thou art afraid
Being but a calfe thou with his hornes hast plaid.
That tree beneath whose branches thou dost stand
To sheeld thee from a storme was once a wand:
A Riuer at the first not once a stride,
Increaseth as he runs his waters wide,
Receiuing in Frosh brookes in diuers ranke,
Till he in pride haue overflowne his bankes,
Vse to conuerse with her, she speeder knowes,
What strength from custom & acquaintance grows
frequent Frequent her often, be from her seld away.
er Keepe in her eare and eie both night and day,
And yet sometimes from these thou maist desist,
'Tis good one should be asked for being mist

Be

Be abſent from her ſome conuenient ſeaſon,
And let her reſt a while it is but reaſon.
The field being ſpar'd returnes vs treble gaine,
After great drough, the earth carrouſes raine:
Phillis did loue *Demophoon* but not doate,
Vntill ſhe ſaw his flying ſhip a floate.
Penelope her abſent Lord did mourne,
So *Laodemia* did till the returne,
Of her deare ſpouſe but be not long away.
Cares periſh new loue enters by delay.
When *Menelaus* from his houſe is gone,
Poore *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone:
And to allay theſe feares lodg'd in her breaſt,
In her warme boſome ſhe receiues her gueſt.
What madneſſe was it *Menelaus* ſay,
Thou art abroad whilſt in thy houſe doth ſtay,
Vnder the ſelfe ſame roofe thy gueſt and Loue,
Madman vnto the Hawke to turne the Doue.
And who but ſuch a gull would giue to keepe,
Vnto the mountaine wolfe full folds of ſheepe,
Hellen is blameleſſe, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou or I my ſelfe would do.
The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting theſe louers time and place,
From thee the ſeed of all thy wrongs are growne,
Whoſe counſell hath ſhe followed but thy owne.
Alas what ſhould ſhe do, abroad thou art,
At home thou leau'ſt thy gueſt to play thy part
To lie alone the poore wench is afraid,
In the next roome an amorous ſtranger laid,
Her armes are open to embrace him he fails in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy ſinne:
Neither the briſled Boare in his fierce wrath,
Torne by the rauenous dogs more anger hath.

Be abſent from her.

Phillis.

Womans rage.

Nor

Nor the she Lion hid within some ake,
Seeking her lost whelpe, hid within some brake,
Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,
Whom some vnwarie heele hath crusht and beaten.
Then a fierce woman shewes her selfe in mind,
Her dearest in adulterous armes to find.
Oh then she swells, her fierd eie bures apace,
And you may see her thoughts writ in her face:
Through swordes, through flames she rushes, ther's
So grieuous but she acts it with her will: (no ill.
This breakes all mutuall loue though well com-
pounded,
This destroies all, though nere so firmelie groun-
ded.
Medea did her husbands guilt repaire.
And with her bloudie hand *Absiretis* slay.
Yon Swallow which thou seest was such another,
Before her transformation a fierce mother:
And that he deeds may yet be vnderstood:
The feathers of her breast were staind with bloud.
But for all this I taske not thy affection,
Of one, and her alone to make election:
You Gods defend the fords should proue so deepe,
That se married men haue much adoe to keepe.
Play you the wantons, but being done conceale it,
And by no brags or fooliſh boasts reueale it.
Meete at no certaine houre, giue no knowne gift,
Thy vsuall place of meeting often shift:
It may be shroud disturbers some may tend thee,
And spialls may be set to apprehend thee,
And when thou writest peruse thy letter first,
Before thou send some, take things at the worst.
Venus being wrong'd, maks war still mouing sorrow
Who late from others griefe their mirth did borrow.

Whilst

Whilst *Agamemnon* liu'd with one contented,
His Wife was chast and neuer it repented:
His secret blows her heart did so prouoke,
Wanting a sword she with the scabbard stroke,
She heares of *Chirses* and the many iares,
About *Briseis* to increase the warrs:
And therfore meer reuenge the Lady charmes,
To take *Thiestes* in her amourous armes.
If when thou hast gone on thy nightly arrant,
The act by circumstance peares too apparant:
Deny it stedfastly, what ere they know,
And boldly face them that it was not so:
Be not so sad or ore too mirthfull cheare,
Least in thy countenance thy deeds appeare:
In thy close meetings vse thy nimble knee,
It may perhaps a bould intruder be.
And after so repulsed scale the fort,
But venture not too rashly on thy sport:
Many there be by whose vnskilfull motions,
You are prescrib'd strang drugs and diuers potions
To make you lustie they are poysons all,
To infect the body and inflame the gall.
Pepper with biting nettle seed they mixe,
Of bastard pellitory some few sticks:
Which beaten and in old wine drunk vp cleare,
Makes spightfull men aloft their standards beare:
The Goddesse that beneath high *Eryx* raignes
Vnto her pleasure no such bloud constraines:
White skallions brought you from *Megara* gate,
With garden sage make sallets to thy meate.
Take new laid eggs, fresh hony from the Bees,
Pine apple nuts full ripe, eate such as these: (gicke,
This holesome fare nree is nought, corrupt or ta-
What hath my Art to do with hellish Magicke.

Thou that but now wast bid thy guilt to hide,
Turnes from that course, boast and in it take pride
Nor blame the lightnesse of thy Tutors mind,
You see we do not saile still with one wind,
Sometimes the East, and when his fury failes:
West, North and South by turn doth fill our sailes:
The Chariot driuer sometimes slakes his raines,
Sometimes againe horses he restraines.
Many there be which calmes much doth blind,
And if the finde a riuall grow vnkind:
Prosperity makes humane minds grow ranck;
Themselues to know, or their great God to thank,
Nor is it held an easie taske to find,
Men that all fortunes beare with equall mind.
As fire, his strength being wasted hides his head,
In the white ashes sleeping though not dead.
And when a suddaine blast doth come by chance,
Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance:
So when with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt
Loue must be quickened euen as fire is wont.
Make her to feare and to looke pale sometime,
By shewing her some instance of thy crime:
Which she suspected erst in some strange vaines,
Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complaines.
No sooner the report of this assailes her,
But colour, voice, and euery sence straight failes her
Then I am he whose face she madly tears,
Whom she desire to haue straight by the eares
Hate me she must and yet good God she may not,
Without me liue she will (alas) but cannot,
Dwell not vpon this passion, but at length.
Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength:
By this her white neck with thy arms imbrace,
Drying the tears that trickle downe her face,

Kisse her yet weeping, her yet weeping show,
All the proud sweets the Queen of loue doth know
This makes true concord in her greatest rage,
These sports alone her passion can aswage,
Peace goes vnarmd & knows not warlicke fashions
This happy peace is knowne among all Nations:
Doues by their nõbring songs shew their good wils
But now they fought, & now they ioyne their bills,
The first confused Masse no order knew,
Earth Sea and Heauen, had all one face, one hew
Strait was the heauens the earths large couering,
The shore guirt in the Sea not to inuade, (made
Either in others bounds then *Cbars* ceast,
And each thing in their seuerall part increast:
The woods receiue the beasts, aire the birds take,
Fish the Sea choose and the land forsake,
Man wanders in the field and knows no art,
Meare strength his body rules, meare lust his hart,
Grous were his cities, shadowed bows his dwelling
Water his drink all other drinks excelling,
And long it was ere man the woman knew,
Till pleasure did their appetites pursue,
And then vpon these vnknown sweets she venterd
Where many an vnlucke fort was scald and entered
Art they had none, no man then plaid the Sutor,
But lay with her and lik'd without a tutor:
Euen so one bird doth with another toy.
And the male fish doth with the female ioy.
The Hart the Doe doth follow, serpents to
Are with the serpents held their feat to do:
The hounds in their adulterate parts were fast,
The ioyfull Ewe receiues the Ram at last.
The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,
And the ranke he Goate finds the female trull.

The Mare to try the valiant horses courage
Swims ouer fords, and doth large pastures forrage
To thy offended Ioue giue this strong potion,
And perfect friendship strait succeeds the motion.
This medicine rightly took all hate expels,
Apply it then others it far excels,
As I was writing, Ioe the God of fire,
Appeares, and with his thombe he stroke his lire:
In his right hand a branch of Lawrell grew,
A Lawrell chaplet I might likewise view,
Circle his brow, though all men do not know it,
This showes the Sunnes God *Phœbus* is a Poet.
Who after mouing of his head thus spake
Mistris of Loue, thy amorous Schollers take,
And lead them to my temple built on high,
There is an old Sunne knowne in euery skie.
Which by his Characts doth plainly show
That euery man must learne himselfe to know:
Alone he wisely loues that can do so.
He that is faire may shew his amorous face,
Whose skinne is white to do his colour grace.
Ly naked with his necke and shoulders bare,
Let him shun silence, whose discourse is rare.
He that sings, sing by art, that drinks drink to,
By art and without cunning nothing do.
Let not the learned in their words declame,
Nor the vaine Poet prate of his owne fame.
So *Phœbus* warnes, *Phœbus* himselfe hath said it,
And his braue words are worthy to haue credit,
To come more neare the Louer that Ioues wisely,
If these my precepts he obserue precisely:
Shal reach his wish, th'earth brings not fill increase
Ships when the winds keep in, their course do cease.

Few

Few be our helpes, but many be our troubles,
Small is our furtherance which our let still doubles
A Louer must endure much griefe besides,
For euery Hare in Æsops thanabides,
For euery berry that the Okue yeelds,
For euery spike of grasse sprong in the fields
For euery shell strowed on the salt sea shore,
Loue hath one grief to mast, and ten griefs more.
Art told that she abroad, but now did wander,
Yet in the window seest her with her Pander,
Blame thou thine eies, for it shall much auaile thee
Think not that newes, but that thy sin shall fall thee,
Locks she the doore she promised to haue open,
O thinke not she deceitfull hath spoken,
Take vp thy lodging make thy bed thy floore,
Thy pillow the cold threshold of the doore,
Perhaps a Maide from high may cast a flout,
And aske what's he doth keep the gates without,
Yet both the Maide and rude posts do thou flatter,
Sprinkling the seats and portalls with rose water.
If she call come, if bid thee go, then trudge,
Railes she vpon thee, doth she call thee drudge
Nay doth she knocke thee, beate it, it is meete,
Nor scorne it though she bid thee kisse her feet.
I dwell on trifles, greater matters heare,
To which thou people lend a generall eare:
On stricter impositions now we enter.
Vertue is still imployed no hard aduenter.
A riuall brooke do this, and by *Loues* power,
Thou art inthrong'd a Conquerour in his tower,
Oh thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,
Some rough hew'd oake doth this hard doctrine preach.

This is the hardeſt thing I can impoſe thee,
If ſhe deſie beare it, if ſhe ſhowes thee
Her hand, forbeare to read it euery day,
When ſhe calls come, when ſhe commads thee ſtay
This euen the married to lead peacefull liues,
Art oft enforc'd to endure of their faire wiues.
I am not perfect I muſt needs confeſſe,
In this my art, though I this art profeſſe,
What ſhall I then my word I cannot keepe,
I haue no power to ſwim a ſea ſo deepe,
Shall any kiſſe my Lady I being by,
And to his throat ſhall I normadly fly,
Shall any beckon to her and I beare it,
Shall any court her and I ſtand to heare it
I ſaw one kiſſe my Miſtris I complained,
And anger all my vitall ſpirits conſtrained.
My loue alas with Barbariſme abound,
And doth my wits and ſpirits whole confound
That Wittoll is much better skild then I,
Who ſees ſuch ſights, and patiently ſtands by.
To keepe the room where ſuch things are in place,
Deſpoiles the front of ſhamefaſtneſſe and grace.
Then oh you young men though you come to view
Your loues beguile you, do not think it true
Againſt all cenſures I euer hold this plea,
Surpriſe her not. It is not good to take them *Res in Re.*
Where two are taken napping both alike,
Their mutuall guilt makes them the ofter ſtrike.
The tale of Venus and Mars. This tale through heauen is blazd how vnwars
Venus and *Mars* was taken in *Vulcan*, ſnares
The God of war doth in his brow diſcouer,
The perfect and true patterne of a Louer.
Nor could the Goddeſſe *Venus* be ſo cruell,
To deny *Mars*, ſoft kindeſſe is a Iewell.

In

In any woman, and become her well,
In this the Queen of Loue doth most excell.
Oh God) how often haue they mockt and flouted,
The smiths polt-foot, which nothing the misdoub-
Made iests by him and by his begrimed trade, (ted:
And his smudg'd visage black with coledust made.
Mars tickled with loud laughter when he saw,
Venus like *Vulcan* limpe, and halt, and draw,
One foot behinde another with a grace,
To counterfeit his odde and vneuen pace.
Their meeting first they did conceale with feare,
From euery searching eye and captiues eare.
The God of war and his lasciuious Dame,
In publicke view were full of bashfull shame.
But the Sunne spies how this sweet paire agree,
Oh that bright *Phœbus* can be hid from thee.
The Sunne both sees and blabs the sight forthwith
And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith.
Oh Sunne what bad example dost thou show,
What thou in secret seest must all men know.
For silence ask a brib from her faire treasure, (sure
She'l grant thee that shal make thee swel with plea-
The god whose face is smudgd with smok and fire,
Placeth about the bed a net of wire.
So quiently made that it deceiues the eye,
Stait as he faines to *Lemnos* he must hie:
The louers meet where he the traine hath set,
And both lay cacht within the wiery net.
He calls the Gods, the louers naked spraule
And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue shewes all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weepes, neither can flinch
Grappled they lye, in vain they kicke and winch:
Their legs are one within anothers ty'd,
Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Among these high spectators once by chance,
That saw them naked in this pitfall dance:
Thus to himselfe said, if that it tedious be,
Good God of warre bestow thy place on me,
Scarce at thy prayers god *Neptune* he vnbound the
But would haue left the as the gods ther found the
The nets vntide, *Mars* strait repaires to *Cytt*,
Venus to *Paphos*, after that they meet.
What did this help thee *Vulcan*, if all I tell thee,
Vnto more griefe and rage it will compell thee:
The publicke meeting which at first shame couers
Is now made free; who knowes not they be louers,
There is no hope they should be now reclaim'd,
Worse then they haue been, how should they be
Of thy rash deed it often doth repent thee, (sham'd
Mad art thou in thy mind, yet must content thee;
This I forbid you so doth *Venus* too,
It harm'd her, and she forwarnes it you.
Lay for thy riuall then no secret snares,
Nor intercept his tokens vnawares:
Let those close prancks by such iust men be tride,
That are by fire and water purified.
Behold once more I giue you all to know,
Saue wanton loues my art doth nothing show:
No gouern'd Matron well and chastly guided,
I here protest is in my verse derided.
What prophane man at *Ceres* rites dare smile,
Or blab her secrets kept in *Samos* Ile.
Silence is held a vertue, silence then,
Tels taile and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates such men:
For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell,
And there must euer and for euer dwell.
Hungry, whilst ripened fruit hangs by his lip,
Thirsty, whilst water by his chin doth slip:

But *Venus* more desires then any other,
Her secret misteries and rights to smother.
I charge you let no tell-tales hither come,
Such amongst manie there must needs be some:
Hide her re-ports from euerie eare that lists,
And locke her secrets vp in brazen chests.
In their new birth: till pleasures buried lie,
Twixt vs they grow, betwixt vs let them die.
Her naked parts, if she to any showes,
Her readiest hand to shadow them she throwes.
The shamelesse beasts in common field do stray,
And act their generation at noone day.
Which Maides by chance eie-ying, cry oh spight,
And through their fingers looke to see the sight.
But when our Leuer with his mistris meets,
Haue beds & doores shut twixt them and the streets.
With clothes & vailes their nakednes they shroud,
Wishing the bright Sonne hid behind some cloud.
Euen in those daies when men on Acorns fed,
And the greene turfe was made the generall bed:
When no thatcht cottage or poore house was buil-
ded.
By which from heate of cold they might be shiel-
ded.
Into the woods and caues the people went,
And their sweet pleasures there remotely spent.
In the Sunnes presence they shew'd nothing bare.
The rudest and most barbarous had his care.
As loath the day should view their publick shames,
Now to their nightly actions they giue names.
Bargaines and price is made in all their doings,
And nothings costs vs dearer then our woings.
Let not thy talke be when thou com'st in place,
To say she, this, or that wench did me grace:

Neath.

Or

Or point then with thy finger, it may fall
Thus thou maist loose her whom thou loues't & all.
Others there be from street to street do wander,
And innocent women in their shops do slander.
Forging of them they know not many a lye,
Which were they true the gladly would deny:
For who command not they their spoile is such,
Whose breast they cannot fold their nams the tuch
Go then thou odious Pander that keeps whores,
A thousand locks hang fast vpon thy doores:
Part of her honest canst thou keepe within,
When her whole name abroad is full of sinne;
Do not their wanton wishes make them nought,
When they desire to be as they are thought:
Necessary observations in a lover.
Sincerest Loues we sparingly do teach,
Yet like no publicke crast their names impeach,
Dissemble euery fault in their complections,
Hit not in women's teeth their imperfections.
I wish you rather smother them, then blame them,
They loue if you praise them, hate if shame them:
Andromeda was belly sides and backe,
To *Perseus* seen, he did not tearme her blacke.
Andromeda she was of so huge a stature,
One louing *Hebrew* prais'd her gifts of nature:
And lik'd her selfe, at the first despised,
Seem not so grosse when men be well aduised.
Continuance and acquaintance wears away.
Such spots as are apparant the first day:
A young plant clothed in a tender rinde,
Cannot withstand the fury of the winde,
But when his bark is growne, he scorns each blast,
In spight of whom he grows and bears at last:
Euery succeeding week and following day,
Takes from acquainted lookes a staine away.

And

And what to day a groſse blot thou wouldſt gueſſe
To morrow in thy eye appeares much leſſe:
Young Heifers cannot be ticke to beare,
The ranke and luſtie Bull for the firſt yeares
But their ſociety acquaints the ſmell,
After continuance they can brooke it well,
Then fauour their diſgraces and relieue them,
Blemiſhes helpe by the good names you giue them
To her whoſe ſkin is blacke as *Ebon* was,
I haue ſaid ere now, Oh 'tis a good browne laſſe,
Or if ſhe look a ſquint, as I am true,
So Venus looks if ſhe be black of hew,
Pale for the world like *Pallas* be ſhe growne,
Yellow by heauens *Minerua* vp and downe:
If ſhe be tall then for her height commend her,
She that is leane like Enuie terme her ſlender,
She that is dwarfiſh name her light and quick,
And call her well ſet grubbed thick,
She that is puſt like *Aeneas* in the cheeke,
Is but full fac'd, and *Daphne* ſhe is like:
Thus qualifie their faults, not to diſgrace them,
But in a higher rank of beautie place them:
Or hapneſt thou of but one dimme of light,
Wrinckled her brow, her grizled haire curl'd whitie
Her noſe and chin haſte meet ſhe would take ſcorne
To tell who Counſell was when ſhe was borne:
Then if to ſuch thy loue thou wilt engage,
Looke that at no time thou doſt aske her age.
Though ſhe wants teeth and haue a flattering tong
Yet ſhe takes paines to be counted young,
This is the age young men that brings the gaine:
And plenteous harveſt of the ſpringtides paine,
Imploy your ſelues then in your youth & ſtrength,
Age with a ſoft ſpace ſteales on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou the youth at Sea or till the land,
Or take a warlicke weapon in thy hand:
Follow the wars, siege townes, or lye in trenches,
Or if not so, then learn to loue faire wenches.
It is a warfare too, when men are trained,
And euen by this employment wealth is gained:
Such discipline, such practise must be vsed
By vs, as those who hostile armes haue chused.
Some women by their industry and paines,
The losse of yeares recouers and regaines.
Times speedy course is by their art controld,
They can preferre themselues from seeming old,
Their amorous pastimes and lasciuious playes,
They shape and fashion many thousand wayes.
With sundry pleasures they their trade commixe,
And euery seuerall day deuise new tricks
They can prouoke the appetite and please it,
Coniure the spirit vp and straine appease it.
But these rich traffs of sweets which they prepare,
Women and men should both of euen hands share,
I hate the bed that yeelds not mutuall ioyes,
And thats the cause I loue not tuseling boyes:
I hate her denies that no spirit will vie,
Yeelding no more then what she cannot chuse.
I like not pleasure, though I like the beautie,
Lasses of Loue performe not but of duty:
Duty away, I banish thee the place,
Where mutuall Louers mutuall sweets embrace,
Let me the musicke of her soft voice heare,
Whispering her ranging pleasures in my eare,
To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,
And tired with that, to try some other way,
Let me behold her eyes turne vp the whites,
Now to be rapt, now languish in delights.

These

Theſe prodigall pleaſures nature hath not giuen,
To the firſt age a little aboue ſeauen.
The wine that from the vnripe grape is preſt,
Is tart, and ſower, the mellow wine taſts beſt:
The palme tree till it hath a well growne rinde,
Cannot withſtand the violence of the winde.
The mead new mowne doth pricke the feet that's bare
I grant thee young *Hermione* was faire:
But to preferre the girle before the mother,
The beautious *Helen* neither one nor other
Can ſo blaſpheme, heres *Gorge* ſome adore her:
But who praiſe her before the Saint that bore her
Now I ſuppoſe ripe fruites I moſt approue,
And in my thoughts I couer mellowed loue.
Yon bed new toſt, behold where it diſcouers,
The curtaines being drawne to wanton louers:
There ſtay my muſe, no further now proceed,
Without thy help they both can ſpeak and ſpeed.
Without thy help kind words will quickly paſſe,
Betwixt the Louer and his amorous Laſſe:
Without thy help their hands will nimble creep,
And in each tickliſh place their office keep.
Nay euery finger will it ſelfe imploy.
To adde increaſe to thy imperfect ioy: (hide,
Handling thoſe parts where loue his darts doth
This valaiant *Hector* with his wife hath tride:
Andromache to this of force muſt yeeld,
His vallour was not onely for the field:
This ſtout *Achilles* of his loue deſired,
When with the ſlaughter of his enemies tired.
He daught his cuiſhes and vnarm'd his head:
To tumble with her on a downe ſoft bed:
Thou didſt reioyce *Briſeis* to embrace,
His bruiſed corpes, and kiſſe his blood ſtaind face.

Theſe

These warlicke hand that did but late embrew,
Themselues in bloud of *Troians* whom they slew,
Were now imploy'd to tickle touch and feele,
And shake a lance that hath no point of steele:
Beleeue me, for I speak as I haue tasted,
The sports of *Venus* are not to be hasted.
They should be rather by degrees prolonged:
By too much speed much oft the sport is wronged
When thou by chance hast hit vpon the place,
Which being toucht a girle still hides her face:
For beare not though she blush & spring & kicke,
And tumbling shew thee many a gamble tricke.
Thou shalt behold her straite ly still amazed.
Her eyes with a lascivious tincture glazed
Affording a strange kinde of humide light,
As when the Moone in water shines by night.
Let neither amorous words cease their inchanting
Murmure nor whispering sounds of ioyes wanting
Yea their let euery sweet content resort,
Euery word, deed and thought that further sport
Let not thy Mistris vse to swift a saile,
Nor let thy hast beyond her speed preuaile:
Both keep one course, your oares together strike,
Your iourneys on then, make your pace alike.
Together striue at once win to the marke,
You may no question grope it in the dark
Then is the fulnesse of all sweet content,
When both at once striue both at once are spent.
Such course obserue when as the time is free:
And that no iealous eyes attend on thee:
Being secure no future danger neare
Then thou maist boldly dally without feare
But if thou beest not safe, and hast short leasure,
Dou btfull to be disturbd amidst thy pleasure,

Make

Make then what speed thou canst, vse all thy force
And clap a sharpe spurre to a iade pack horse
My worke is at an end the palme bring me,
And let the Mirtle garland be my fee
How much renowned great *Pollidorus* was,
That all the *Greeks* in Phisick did surpasse,
As famous as great *Nestor* for his age,
Or strong *Achilles* for his warlike rage.
As much extold as *Calthas* for his charmes,
Or *Telemonius Aiax* by his armes:
As for his Chariot skill *Automedon*,
So great in Loue shall I be censur'd on.
Cannonize me your Poet, giue me praise,
And crowne my Temples with fresh wreathes of bayes:
Let this my laud in euery mouth be song,
And my fams clanger though the whol earth rong
I giue you armour, such god *Vulcan* framed,
So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed.
And so doye, but what soere he be,
That by my armes subdues his enemy:
This Motto let him giue, lo her's a Lasse
By *Ouid* my *artsMaster* conquered was:
Behold yeung *Wenches* likewise craue my skill
They shall be next instructed by my quill.

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greeke* to field is gone,
To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:
Behold like weapons in my power remain.
For the *Penthisilea* and thy traine.
Go arm'd alike, fight and they ouercome,
Whom sacred *Venus* fauours and her sonne:
It were not meet poore naked girles should stand,
To encounter men prouided hand to hand.
To conquer at such odds 'twere shame for men,
Oh but some say, why *Ouid* should they pen:
Put poyson into snakes, or giue to keepe,
Vnto the rauenous Woolfe a fould of sheep,
Oh for some few offenders do not blame,
All of their Sexe, let not a generall shame:
For some few falters their whole brood inherit,
But euery one be censurd as they merit.
Although the two *Atrides* hath their liues,
Endangered both by falshood of their wiues:
Though false *Eriphile* her husband sould,
To *Polinices* for a chaine of gould:
Yet did the faire *Penelope* liue chast,
While twice fiue yeares her royall Lord did waste

In

In bloudie battels and as many more,
Wandring through euery sea and vnknowne shore
So did the chast *Phillacides* and she,
That partner of her husbands griefe to be,
Went with him as his page a tedious way,
And in the trauell died before her day:
Oh happy *Phereides* thy wife.
From death redeemed thee with her owne life.
Receiue me oh you flames did *Iphias* cry,
And with my buried husband let me die,
And with that word she skips into the fire,
All faire endowments that we can desire
Raigne in a womans breast no marueile then,
They with adorned vertues please vs men:
But these chast minde, my art inioyneth not,
A softer saile will serue to guide my boate:
Nothing but wanton loue flowes from my braines,
How pretty wenches may scape men traines
A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
But through them both: vnto her sweet heart runne
So will not men, poore girles by them are scoft,
Many times men faile, maides sometimes, not oft:
False *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes:
To claspe another Mistris in his armes.
As much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay
So right *Ariadne* was a wofull pray:
To the Sea foules and Monsters left alone,
In a remote place friendlesse and vnknowne:
Many vncertaine waies hath *Phillis* gone,
Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*,
And though *Æneas* had no firname good,
He left his sword to let out *Didos* bloud:
But what destroy you Ladies can you tell,
You know not how to loue or fashion well,

Your thoughts' to art, Loue artles ſtands vnſure,
Art with loue tempered is ſtrong to endure:
Nor ſhould you know it now, but that the Queene
Of ſacred Loue was in my viſion ſeene;
And ſtraitly charg'd me that I ſhould impart.
To all the Sex the ſecret of my art.
For thus ſhe ſpake how haue poore maides miſdone
That againſt armed men muſt naked run.
Two bookes haue giuen men weapons in their hands
The whileſt our fearefull ſex vnarmed ſtands:
He that rebuk'd *Therugnes* lewd deſire,
Since ſong her praiſes to a ſweeter lire:
Thy ſelfe examine, canſt thou do them domage,
To whom in time thou maiſt perform due homage
This hauing ſaid ſhe tooke from off her brow,
A mirtle wreath, for in a mirtle bow,
Her haire was twiſted vp and gaue to me,
Of leaues and ſeeds a little quantitie.
Strait in my braine I felt a power diuine,
Whilſt in the place a purer aire did ſhine;
And all the cares that hung vpon my heart,
Euen at that inſtant I might feele depart.
My wits at ripeſt are wenches come thicke,
Receiue my precepts whilſt my wits are quicke;
Firſt thinke how old age hourely doth attend:
To ſteale vpon thee ſo be ſure to ſpend.
No ſeaſon idly, thou art young then play,
Yeares like the ruining waters glide away
Thou canſt not ſtay the flouds it ſtreames ſo faſt,
Nor pull the houres backe when they are paſt;
Make vſe of time for time is ſwift and fleet,
Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet:
As the firſt pleaſure was, haue I not ſeene,
This now a withered ſtalke once freſh and greene:

From

From that bare throwne within these many howers
I had a chaplet of sweet smelling flowers:
The time shall come when thou that dost exclude,
Such louers from thy doores as would intrude,
Shall on an empty pillow through thy head,
Sretching thy stiffe limmes on a frostie bed:
Nor in the night shalt thou be raisd vp late
By such as knock and thunder at the gate.
Nor in the morning when the cocke hath crowed,
Find porch and threshod with fresh roses strowed:
Aime how soone doth the cleare coulour fade,
How quickly wrinckles in thy skin are made.
Looke on thy looke and thou wilt sadly sweare,
Age hath too soone snowed on thy golden haire:
Snakes through their age of when they chang their skinne,
Harts when they cast their heads fresh strength begin.
And's giuen to them, when that in age ye grow
Ye haue no heads to cast no skins to throw,
Your good flies helples, therefore pluck the flower
Which being gathered withers in an hower:
In many childe birth age is quickly crept,
Fields soonagrow leane, that so often reapt.
You see *Endimion* by the Moone lou'd still,
Nor doth she blush thereat and by thy wilk
Aurora thou would euer haue the name,
Of *Cephalus* thy deare, nor thinkst it shame.
And to conceale thee *Auonre* whose heartse
Venus her selfe hung many a tragicke verse,
Tell vs by whom you Queen-borne of the sea,
Had you *Æneas* and *Hermione*.
Oh mortall generation follow these.
And practise after them being goddesses:

Do not deny your rauishing pleasures when,
They are besought you by desirous men.
Tell me what loose you by it, what thou hast,
Thou art possest of still, and feelst no wast:
Take thence a thousand sweets be not affraid,
Thou keepest thy owne, and nothing is decai'd.
Stones are by vse made soft, iron worne to drosse,
That neuer weares and therfore findes no losse:
Who will deny vs at a torch being light,
To light a taper till it burne as bright.
Or who would striue in their owne power to keepe,
All the spare billowes in the vastie deepe:
Yet will a woman pleade her loue is rare,
And in her plenty she hath nought to spare.
Oh tell me why so strange a doubt thou mak'st,
Dost thou but loose the water that thou takest:
I speake not this to prostrate every one,
But lest you feare vaine losse where losse is none.
Now greater gusts my swelling saile must straine,
Being from the shoare new lancht into the maine:
Neatnesse required in a woman.
First with their neatnes I begin, the vine
Well trim'd and prunde affords vs choyse of wine:
And in a field well till'd the corne growes tall,
Shape is the gift of God, none amongst you all,
But in there shapes take pride, nay there be many
Proud of their fauour when they scarce haue any.
Proportion euen the greatest number want,
But care supplies where nature hath been scant:
Care makes the face, the face a while neglected,
Will grow to ruine, and be nought respected,
The Virgins of the old time had this care,
Their bodies and their beauties to repaire:
Elle had the men of former ages spent,
Their yeares without their wonted ornament.

If

If you behold *Andromache* go clad,
In manly robes, no maruaile, for she had
A souldier to her husband, if you see
The wife of *Aiax* ist not valiantly
Nor marvaile, for she was his wife that bare
A shield of seauen oxe-heads thick tan'd with haire.
The world was plaine, simple, and rude of old,
But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with gold:
And shines in glory with the bright reflection,
All the worlds wealth is vnder their subiection:
Behold the Capitall and thou wilt say,
In these great *Ioue* hath choos'd to dwell for aye:
This gorgeous Court & Counsel house was framed
Out of meere stubble when king *Latius* raigned,
These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,
D d glitter and shine when they first begun:
A pasture for draught oxen let them ease, (please
Their thoughts with ancient times whom old times
I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,
These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne.
Not because gold in the earths vaines are sought,
Or shels, or stones, fro forraigne shores are brought
Not because marble from the hills is dig'd,
Or voyage ships to vnknowne seas are rigd.
But because rudnesse to the gates is sent,
And this our age is full of ornament,
Hang in your eares bright stones, but not to deare
Such *Ludres* cast vp and are sold you here:
Neatnesse we loue, your haire in order tie,
To keepe in within Law thy hands apply:
Thy hands mishape keepe still, and by her care,
Thou maist oreseeme, deformed or woundrous faire
Nor is there onely one kind of attire,
The fashion that becomes thee best desire,

Proue euery shape, but ere it cunning paste,
See thou before take counsell from thy Glasse.
A long and leane visage best allowes,
To haue the haire part iust aboue the browes:
So *Laodeme ia* firnamed the faire,
Vsed when she walk'd abroad to trusse her haire.
A round plumpe face must haue her trammels tied
In a fast knot aboue her front to hide:
The wier supporting it whilst either eare
Bare, and in sight vpon each side appeare.
Yon Ladies locks about her shoulders fall,
And her loose ware becomes her best of all:
So *Phœbus* look't when last he touch't his Lute,
That other Lady doth her habit suite,
With chast *Diana* being trickt to go,
To strike the sauage boare or tameless Roe.
She when her haire hangs loose hath greatest pride
This best becomes her when her locks are tyed:
Yon when her head tire is like a tortoise shell,
Is roost and vawted well beseemes it well:
More leaues the Forrest yeelds not from the trees,
More beasts the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* bees:
Then there be fashions of attire in view,
Euery succeeding day adds somthing new.
Many become their tires best when they wear:
In stead of sprucenes a neglected haire:
And being comb'd but now yet thou shalt say,
Her haire hath not been toucht since yesterday.
An doth much change, so did *Agides* see,
Iolattired, and said this wench is for me,
So *Iuuis* whom the god of grapes commended,
When by his shouting *Sa ires* being attended:
He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind shifted
With scattered haire her to his coach he lifted.

How

How much oh nature are we bound to thee,
That findes for euery griefe a remedy.
And as our shapes and colour suffer crosse,
Yet thou hast in thee to repaire that losse.
Say that by age or some great sicknes had,
Thy head with wonted haire be thinly clad:
Falling away like corne from ripened sheaues,
As thicke as *boreas* blowes downe *Autum* leaues.
By *Germane* yearbes thou maist thy haire restore,
And hide the bare scalpe that was bald before.
Women haue knowne this art, and of their crew,
Many false colours buy to hide the true.
And multitudes, yea more then can be told,
Walke in such haire as they haue bought for gold:
Haire as good Marchandize and growne a trade,
Markets and publicke trafficke thereof made,
Nor do they blush to cheapen it among,
The thickest number and the rudest throng.
Nay euen before *Alcides* sacred flames,
And in the presence of the vestall Dames
To leaue their haire, and speake of their attire
I do not trailes or purfled guards desire.
Nor roabes of blush scarlet prized hie,
Whose wooll is twice dipt in the *Tirian* dye.
Looke but abroad and thou maist in a trice,
Find lighter colours and of farre lesse price.
Were it not madnesse thou in scorne of lacke,
Should wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back
Behold the colour of the azure aire,
When in a cloudles day the skie is faire:
And the South wind bring on the earth no showers
As once it did what time one flow deiources.
Phrixus and *Hellis*, such a colour chuse,
Tis neat, and cheape, but costly dyes refuse:

To helpe the defects of nature.

That prettie colour intimates the waues,
And from their sea greene drops a name it craues
In this the young *Nymphes* went apparrl'd most,
This saffron immitates of no great cost,
And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
That euery morning decks faire *Phœbus* steeds
Elle such a dye as *Paphian mirtles* yeeld,
Or purple *Amethistos* or a field:
Where nothing saue the milkewhite roses grew,
Or of that hew the *Thratian cranes* do show
Let not faire *Amarilles* wanting be,
Thy ackhornes or thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,
All these of seuerall colours iuice be full:
And with the seuerall colours staine the woll:
So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring,
In spight of winters horrid rage doth bring,
To decke the earth with full so many hues,
The thirstie earth doth drink and none refuse.

To faire their attire to their complexions,

Mongst which faire women out of your affections,
Choose them that shall become best your complexions:
She that is browne let her attire be white,
Briseus ware a Robe of colour light.
When she was raisht others that are faire,
Let their attires be black as *Sables* are,
Swarthie *Andromed* ware a milk white smocke,
When she was tied halfe naked the rocke.
Lest you be seene so let no rankes grow,
Betwixt you armes and shoulders let none show.
Of rough and ragged hairs there may appeare,
Vpon your legs and thighs but not so neare:
I do not teach young maids by *Cauease* bred:
Or such as drink of *Rifus* but in sted
Of barbarous truls to you braue girles of *Rome*,
Do I direct my phrase, and to your dome.

I now instruct your then your teeth to set,
Lest in their vse some turdnes they do get:
To keepe their teeth.
To wrince your mouthes in water you haue wit,
To apprehend my words betimes to sit.
And in the morning take away the slime,
Which makes the white teeth subiect to such grime.
Let such whose bloods are blacke and swart,
Whom nature reds not, make them red by art:
Art likewise fills the wrinkles in the browes,
Cheekes.
A skinne of died red leather art allowes,
To rub your faces with, nor hold it shame,
To kindle in your eyes a sparke of flame,
It may be done with saffron, which like corne,
Grows neer bright *Cydnus* whereas thou wert borne.
I haue a little booke in substance small,
And yet a worke of weight writ to you all.
The Treatise is vnto your generall graces,
How you by art may best preserue your faces:
You whose rare beauties haue receiu'd a scar,
Seeke thence your helps, receipts there written are
You may there find how to restore your bloods,
My art was neuer idle to your goods.
Beware lest that by chance your boxes lye
Vpon the table, and your Loues passe by:
Throw them aside, art spreads her fatest net,
When she is with most cunning counterfet.
Spill not thy drugs alike in euery place,
They will offend such as behold thy face,
Corrupting the beholder with such motion,
As should he see thy garments stand with lotion,
How doth the greasie franck woolls smell offend,
Though we for it as far as *Athens* send,
Yet is it good for vse, not before men,
Vse thou Deares marrow good for medicen:

Not

Nor before men in presence rub thy teeth,
They both are good, yet harsh to him that seeth,
Many things which in doing we detest,
Being once done they oft times please vs best:
These stately pillars in iron caru'd and wrought,
Were a confused rocke, this ring now brought,
To that good forme, was once vnfashioned ore,
The costly cloth thou weares't a rough sheepe bore
The curious pictur offaire *Venus* was,
Before the cutting an vnpolisht masse.
Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee sleeping
Thy hand, thy boxe, thy glasse their office keeping:
Why should I know how thou art growne so faire,
Shut fast the force where beauties ioyned are.
For many things there be men should not know,
The greatest part of them if you should show.
They should offend them much spare not to shroud
The deede, though the thing done be allowed.
The golden ensignes yender spreading fare,
Which wafts them to the gorgeous Theater:
See what thin leaues of gold foile guilde the wood,
Making the columes seeme all massie good:
Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,
Vntill the showes and fights be full prepared:

Note. So in thy preparation marke this note,
Still make thee ready in a place remote.

Obserue this woman. Yet sometimes if they head be wondrous faire,
Euen before men tis good to combe thy haire,
The haire a beauty hath which much bel ots,
Being tyed and wreathed in pleats & comely knots,
But be not tedious in thy art applying,
Be quick both in the fasting and vntying:
Still when thou goest to dresse thy selfe be safe,
I hate those sullen pettish things that chafe

At euery idle crosse, who crath and bine,
And with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight
Wounding themselues in anger, rending, tearing,
The wires, the tires, the ruffes which they be wea-
She that is badly haired, let her before (ring,
She dresse her selfe, set watch still at the doore,
Vpon the suddaine 'twas my chance one day,
To presse into the place where my sweet hart lay,
When wondring she vnwares was thrust vpon,
Snatch vp her haire, and put the wrong side on.
Like cause of shame let come vnto my foe,
And such disgrace vnto the *Parthians* got
A scalded breast, fields that no graine will beare,
Trees without leaues, and heads that haue no haire
Are odious to the eye none of you three,
Europa, Leda, or faire *Semele*.
Were subiect to his want or me did need,
The helpe of Physicke in this point to reed:
Nor *Hellen* thou whom with adulterement deepe:
Menelaus askes; the *Troians* still doth keepe:
The wanton wenches in full troopes paise hither,
Good, bad, faire, foule, of all sorts flocke together.
And come to be instructed amongst which
Oft times the faire be poore the foule be rich.
And yet the faireſt haue of me least need,
Theirs be a tie is a dower that doth exceed
My precepts farre, the sea being calme and cleare,
The secure Seaman all his sailes may beare.
But when it swells and is disturb'd apart,
The troubled Pilot must try all his art,
Of euery little mole be thou not squeamish,
'Tis hard to finde a face that hath no blemish
Yet shalt thou seeke to hide the least disgrace,
Either in the proportion or thy face.

If

A lesson for Dwarfes.

If thou beest short thy stature hide by wit,
Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooke to sit.
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed:
Lest that thy stature there be measured:
Loue Dwarfes, obserue my words I hold it meet,

Remedy for them that be leane.

To haue some garment throwne vpon thy feet:
She that is wearish and no clothes can fill,
Her double plated gowne must sit by still.
To make her portly, whileft a robe vnbound,

Pale: Blacke. Splay foote.

From her two shoulders falls vnto the ground.
She that is pale, with purple staine her cheekes,
She that is blacke the fish of *Pharaos* seekes.
A splay mi ha pen foote in white shoes hide,
And let dryed legs were a rich garter tide.
Let such whose shoulder blades stand much in sight

To slender.

Weare boulster'd gownes to make them seeme vp-right
About a faint, and slender body weare,
A flannell swathband or warme stomacher.

Scabbed hands. Stinking breather. Bad toothed.

Such whose fat hands are itchy in the joynt,
Whe they discourse let them not vse to point.
You that haue stinking breathes must not speak fa-
But helps themselues by some good breakfast takig
Elle chew a cloue the strength of it to breake,
Or keepe so no distance of still when you speake:
Or if thy teeth in wide vncuen ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, black or too great in show:
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing shewes the teeth:
Who would beleeue this, wonder yet 'tis true,
Maides may be taught to laugh and to eschew
Vncomely mouthes and hatch tricks of the face,
In laughing is much vncomelines and grace:
Be moderate in thy shearing, there's a feate,
To be obserued in that make not to great.

The

The hallow pitsmirth digs in euery cheeke,
To hide thy gummes let both thy red lips meete.
Nor do thou stretch thy entrailes by constraining,
Thy selfe vnto loud laughter neither fayning:
A more familiar gesture with voice flat,
Sound out a womanish noise I know not what.
Looke but on them that with loud yalling force,
Anticke and peruerse laces what shewes worse:
and there is such a coile with wry mouthes kept,
That whē they laugh, a man would swear they wept
Many with vntun'd clamor hoarce and shrill,
Ball as the slow Asse bayes out of the mill,
What cannot art? women are taught to weepe, *How to weepe.*
And in their lookes a sober forme to keepe:
To shape their eies according to their passion,
Both at what time they please, and in what fashion
Is there not grace in lisping to be found, *How to lispe.*
To giue true words a forged imperfect sound:
Robbing the tongue his office in some part
Euen in deprauing words is sometimes art.
Many that by my words my meaning lean,
Are taught to speake lesse perfect then they can.
Weigh these my words according to their worth,
And these being cond take other lessons forth:
Learne how with womanish pace to vse your gate, *To go.*
In euery step there is a kinde of state
Nor is their ought that yet my art discouers,
Which with more violence drawes or drines backe
Behold you Ladies gate the rest out stripts, (louers
See with what cunning she doth moue her hips:
And in the pride of steps how the cold wind,
Swels her loose vailes before her and behind.
This like the blushing wife of *Vmber* paceth,
Her full viewed legs at euery stride she graceth.

Long

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
Others a moderate pace doth best become:
How farre to appeare bare. As far as where the armes and shoulders parts.
Appeare thou bare to wound the amourous harts,
Of wanton youthes, this fashion vnderstand,
Longes to the faire, not such whose skins be rand.
Such sights ere now haue made me I protest,
To kisse her necke, her shoulders and her breast,
The *Syrens* are Sea-monsters, whose sweet notes
Draws to their tunes the wandring ships and boates
And if their eares with wax they do not stop,
Sing. They are charm'd to leape vp from the hatches top
Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,
A praisefull gift then woman learn to sing,
Hard fauord girles by songs haue wonne such graces.
Their sweet shrill tongs haue prou'd bands to their faces.
Somtimes rehearse a speech brought from the play
Or else peruse some poeme in thy way.
Of Musicke I would haue thee know the skill,
With thy right hand to vse a *Rebecks* quill.
Or with thy left a harpe when *Orpheus* plaid,
The beasts, & trees, and stones to dance he made:
And in his way to hell no fiend durst stirre,
Nor tartar power, nor tripple headed Curre.
Thou that so iustly do thy mother punish,
Didst by thy Musicke skill the world astonish:
In those sweet walkes that were by Musicke rear'd,
By euery such sweet harmony is heard:
The armed *Delphin* is by nature mute,
Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.
Learne Musicke then and hope to play vpon.
The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Reade

Reade Poetrie the workes of *Coos* freke,
Or great *Callimacchus* that writ in Greeke?
The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
Read what lasciuious *Sapho* elſe both writ.
For what more wanton workes then *Sapho* liues,
See what delight to the *Propertij* giues
Or if thy further leaſure ſerue thee looke,
In *Gallus* workes, or in *Tibullus* booke.
Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece,
The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece:
Or read *Æneas* baniſhment from *Troy*,
Th'originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enioy:
No bookes more famous, haphly to my grace,
Some one may ſay thou *Ouid* haſt a place.
Amongſt the reſt thou and thy lines may ſound,
To after-times, not be in *Sethe* drown'd.
Some one may ſay, perchance our Maſter read,
The booke he laſt drew with a double head
Or thoſe three bookes which he *Amorum* calls,
Enciteling them of loue which of them falls,
Into thy handling firſt that do thou chooſe,
And louingly my louing lines perule,
Or with a compoſd voice my *Cantions* ſing:
The vſe of theſe Loues miſtris firſt did bring
To other yet vnknowne oh *Phœbus* graunt,
Graunt this you gods whom ſacred Poets haunt.
With their oblations, grant theſe powers deuine,
Thou god of grapes, and you oh Muſes nine:
Who doubts but I would haue you learne to dance
Meaſure and Galliards ſhall your name aduance,
Command your armes and hands that they agree,
Vnto the motion of the foote and knee.
In moouing of the body hand and ſide,
The commicke Actor cannot take more pride.

Not

Nor vſe more art the comlineſſe of either,
Concurres, and I compare them both together
Learne triuall ſports, but oh your Poet ſhames,
To bid you be experienc'd in ſome games.
Yet long they to my art then be not nice,
To learne to play at cockall or at dice:
How to caſt lots and chances which to gueſſe,
To play at draughts at table or at cheſſe
To vſe a racket or to tolſe a ball,
At ſet game, or at that we bandy call:
To paſſe the night at balliards till eleauen,
At pickapandie, cards, or odd or euen.
Play prepares loue, your skill is not ſo needfull,
As ought to be your lookes and carriage heedfull,
Your greateſt cunning is with art to frame.
The geſture and the countenance in your game
Game makes vs earneſt if we play with care,
Then with our open thoughts our breaſts lie bare.
And ſtraite we brawle and ſcold a grieuous ſtaine,
Oh theſe be monſtrous faults to chide and raile,
Or to blaſpheme the Gods when our lucke faile:
To vow to ſweare, with proteſtations deepe
And in the heate of play to fret or weepe.
Great *Ioue* himſelfe from you ſuch crimes expell.
Who couet ſuitors and to pleaſe them well.
Natures theſe triuall ſports to woman lends
A freer ſcope of paſtimes ſhe extends.
By much vnto vs men, for lo we may
Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the football play:
Vault, ride, and teach the horſe to trot the ring,
Frequent the Fenceſchoole, practiſe armes, leape,
Nor can you march or muſter on the ſea, (ſpring,
Or like the Merchant venturer go to ſea:

To game.

Walke

Walke may you sometimes vnder *Pompeus* shade,
To *Phœbus* pallace to the place was made.
For now all triumph to the Capitoll is wide
To the goatfield where chariots are still drawne,
To the warme bleeding aulter, some preferre.
Before all these the three braue *Theatres*
Thus couet to be seen, vnseen, vnproud,
What is not viewed and knowne, cannot be loud,
What profit were it to haue beautie beene
If thy admired face were neuer seene?
Say you more fitter in shapes then *Orpheus* were,
Or *Thamiras*, such if men cannot heare.
How should your musicke please; *Apelles* painted,
Venus in Coos else her fame had fainted,
And died in *Lethe*, he redeem'd her name,
What hunt the sacred Poets for but fame.
Onely for fame their labouring spirits they send,
Of all the vowes fame is the scope and end.
But see what alterations rude times brings,
Poets of old were then in hand of Kings.
Large were their gifts, supreame was their regard,
Their meeted fames with fear and reuerence heard.
Honour and state, and sacred nobility,
Belong'd to such as studied poetry.
Ennius by *Scipio* that great man was sought,
And from the mountaines of *Calabria* brought.
Vnhonoured now the Iuy garland lyes.
The ancient worship done to Poets dyes.
Yet we should striue our owne fames to awake,
Homer a liuing lasting worke did make.
His *Iliades* call'd, else who had *Hector* knowne,
Had *Troia* in her tower an old wife growne,
And neuer vnto publicke view resorted,
How had her beauty beene so farre reported.

The dignitie of Poets.

You that applause would for your beauties win,
Be oft abroad, and keepe not too much in:
As the full fo ds the she Wolfe seekes her pray,
Though amongst all she steales but one away,
Iones bird the Eagle when she soares most high,
To seaze on fowle doth as the Couy fly.
Frequent you faire ones, where men may you see,
Mongst many one best part will fancy thee:
In euery place where thou shalt hap to sit, (get
Loose none by frownes whom thou by smiles maist
The bow of *Cupid* neuer stands vnbent,
And sometimes things fall by accedent.
Be thou prepard, hang alwayes out thy hooke,
For in that stream where thou no fish wouldst look
A fish by chance may bite, oft haue I seene (beene
The wandring hound range where no game hath
And harts that scapt the chase whē no mā mids thē
Fall in the toyles and there the keeper findes them.
What hope hadst thou *Andromeda* being bound,
Vnto a rocke a louer to haue found:
Being prepar'd for death befet with feares,
Blubbed thy cheeks, thy eye quite drowned in teares
At buriall of one husband well I wot,
Another husband hath been oft times got,
Weeping for him thats lost, may hap to grace thee,
And in the bosome of a second place thee,
But in your choyse especially beware,
Of such effeminate men as starch their haire,
Prank vp themselues who lisp and cannot leaue it
Loue complement and use to smell of Ciuit:
They haue a thousand loues what they protest,
To thee they'll do as vnto all the rest,
Vnstaid such be, and what will women say, (they
When in their thoughts men are more light then

Scarce

Scarce will they credit me, and yet 'tis true,
Troy had yet stood, and *Ilium* beene in view,
Had euery thing beene swaid as *Priam* sware,
But good aduise they leaue, fond counsell take.
There are who vnder shew of loue to fame,
And by such passage seeke dishonest gaine.
Let no mans haire deceiue with powders sweete,
Nor studded girles which are short and meete.
Nor these fine womens coates, a slightly thing,
Nor that each finger beares a golden ring.
Perhaps who in this kinde most gallant goes,
Is a close theefe, and loues nought but your clothes
Some Maide thus road'd, so loud cry for their owne,
That all the towne and country heares their mone.
Venus whose golden shines at *Aplan* stand,
And *Pallas* lau'd a good these sixes in hand:
There are some Maides to sure but of bad fame,
Who oft deceiu'd are thought to vse the same.
On learne by others plaints to keate your owne,
Ope not your eares to men whose frauds are known
Beleeue not *Theseus Athens* though he sweare,
The gods can heare no more then they heare.
And thou *Demophoon Thiseus* faithood haire:
Philis deceiued nones trust by speeches faire,
If men makes promises then maides make you.
If men performe, performe your vowed ioyes too,
Now Ile come nearer, Muse, take faster hold.
Nor loose thy seat the wheels though swiftly rolde
Men frame them, let maids vowes some else where
Let louing maids take their course, for it were fit (writ
Look on them, read them, ere the words then gather
Whether he faines or lies intirely rather.
After some while write backe euer delayes:
Inflames a louer, so no tedious stayes,

Louers disloyalty in many. Seuerall passages.

Shew not the plaine, to the youth denies.
Nor yet deme him what by time he plies
Let him both feare and hope by cureles letter,
Be his fateleſſe, his hope comes ſure and better.
Be your phraſe pure, but common vſuall words.
In ſpeech the plaineſt ſtile beſt grace affords:
Full oft ambicious words loue ſo miſplace,
And a foule tongue hath hurt a beautious face:
But ſince although you yet not married be,
To go beyond vs men that care take ye.
By maides or ſome knowne lad your letters ſend.
And no ſo ſtrange young man tokens commend.
I haue ſeene ſome maides ſo terrified with this,
That euer after they were ſlaues I wiſſe,
Faithleſſe he is who keepes ſuch tokens backe.
And burns like *Aetna* till he ope the packe
Truſt me, we may with fraud quite fraud againe,
From force to ſhield from force the laws maintaine.
One maide muſt vſe her ſelfe to many hands
Ill might he ſpeed whoſe ſhifts this rule commands
Deface the old ſcale when you do reply,
And to one writing but one hand apply.
Subſcribe your letters thus, thine in all loue,
Be his, as he was yours, this art approue,
Impedi- If from ſmall things we may to greater go,
ments to And in our ſhip ſpread our full ſaile to ſhow.
beautie. It longs to beauty to haue manners milde,
Anger. Sweet grace fits women, fierce rage ſauage wilde.
Rage ſwels the face, the vaines makes blacke with
The eies blaſe ghaſtly like ſell *Gorgons* brood (blood
Away quoth ſhe I prize not feature ſo,
Pallas ſhould view her face, where waters flow:
And ſhould you looke your anger in your glaſſe,
You wold ſcarce diſcerne your viſage whoſe it was.

Nor do we lette olome proud and lattie lookes
Gentle and humble eies are *Venus* hookes
We men do hate this ouer-weening pride
Shew in the silent face, trust him hath tride
View him viewe you, if men then women smile
Signes made to you, make signes, will men beguile
Thus whiles he playes before with headles dart
Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.
We hate men said *Aias*, true for sake,
We merrie *Greeks* blith wenches sweetharts make
Andromache Troyes all your state
Could not meeue me to chuse you for my mate
Take gifts of rich men who do law professe
Giue him no fee, be his client, need the lesse
We that make verde, let us send onely
Our hearts are plaine, who e loue from doth swerue
We spread abroad sweet beautie lasting fame
We *Nemesis*, we *Cynthea* honour raise:
The East and West land knew our *Lucrece* name
And many aske who our *Corinna* is.
Besides we Poets from all Realmes are sent
And forward manners by our Poetrie
Not honour we, nor loue of women please
We light our games for priuacie and ease
Soome are we caught, our loues burn hearts
And where we loue we know to well to holde
So tis we soften nature by meeke art
And as our studies, so our loues take part
A sauour Maidens, a blest Poets will
Heauens power we haue, the Muses mind we skill
A God is in us we commerce with loue.
The spirit in vs boue your brittle state doth moue
To looke for money from vs what a crime,
And yet no Maides do feare it in our time.

Pride.

Poets.

At first be not too eager, faine beware,
A nouice louer flights an open snare:
Nor do we rule a horse new broke to backe,
With the same raines as he that's skild to racke:
To catch one staid in yeares, and a briske swaine,
Must not one way, may not one tourle be taine;
Hee's rude, and in loues termes neere seene before,
Who at a new play touch'd thy chamber doore.
Who knows no Maid but thee, non else wold know,
This corne would be fenc'st that it may growe.
Frone, he is thy owne, no frualls frowne,
Two things admits no mate, Loue and a Crowne.
That ancient louilders wife and lordly loue,
And much that younger scorns he meekly proues:
He'll treade no paste, nor burne with furious fire,
Nor scratch his mistris lost cheekes in his ire,
Hell keepe no crochet, his Loues not his owne,
Nor will his horne haire giue him cause of mone;
These things tis youthes, whose loue as age is hot,
This beares harsh wounds gently as they were not:
Old men burne coldly, like a torch that's dim,
As woode vnder heapes the downe when first they lie
Old mens loue lasts, youth short, but fruitfull made,
Maides pluck their mates vntimely, betimes vnripe,
Nay yeeld vp all, ope the gates to our foe,
That hath from faithfull treasure once may flow:
What a leane grainted, long loue cannot feede,
(Deniall seeth) our lores must on proceede:
Let them walke at the gate cry cruell core,
Do humbly much, but in their threats much more,
We loath hole sweets, bitter loue makes them new,
The winde ore drowne the ship by which it flew:
Tis this makes them their wiues to flight so still,
They are ready prest when ere their husbands will.

Let

Let the Maide run and cry we are vndone,
And hide the sacred ourn till feare be gone
Yet sport him midst theſe feares leſt he miſcarrie,
Your night's nor ſo much worth ſuch feares ſhould
I had like to paſſe by what art to deceiue (tide
Your husband and ſly keeper to bereaue.
Wiues feare your husbands, who muſt keepe you in;
'Tis firmé by law right modeſtie hath bin
Her to be kept whom late reuenge hath wrought,
Who can endure to auoid theſe meanes be ſought.
As many keepe thee as had *Argus* eyes,
If thou wilt out thou ſhalt deceaue with lyes.
Youll ſay your keeper doth withſtand to write,
Take water for your teſtie what time you might,
What can the keeper when the Cities all
Of plaies and Maides ſee horſes run that will
When the will, a maide complaines her head
And faining ſicke, hides home ſhe will in bed
When the falſe fey tells plainelie what is done,
And to her chamber are more waies then one.
Beſides a keeper may be fou'd with wine,
Preſt from the grapes of Spaine, and ſo made hime.
And there be drugs, which can cauſe a ſound ſleepe
And ſhut the eies faſt drenche in *Lethe* deepe.
You know Maides to May quicklie finde ſome way
By long made ſports to hold him in delay.
But what need I for to go farre about,
When one ſmall gift may buie the keeper out,
Gifts truſt me do appeaſe both gods and men,
By gifts euen *Ioue* is pleaſed now and then.
What do the wiſe ſince Fooles in gifts do ſhine,
Giue, and the husband ſayes nought, ſay he might.
Haſt bought thy keeper once hee's thine for euer.
The helpe he once affords heele faile thee neuer.

To deceiue the moſt watchfull keeper.

I blam'd companion now it comes to minde,
The hunt by it selfe alone do finde.
Beleeue me Cephale, diuided my ioyes may faile,
And others with thee hunt the Hare as fain.
The wench that sweepes the chamber makes the bed
With spoyle of some hath more then once bin spred
But not your welcome Maiesty be ouer take,
Their Mistresse place by them supplyed are.
Where ruin'd Bracmans naked against my foe,
And ope more ports that may me ouerthrow.
The birds teach not the Pooles how to take them,
The Harts teach not the Hare to run & hide them.
Loose you
Though
'Tis easie to
Their
Smile lightly on a youth, heare him your hart
Aske why he comes so late, a pretty art
Shed some few teares, faine griefe for some close
And offer your hand as soon your passions moue.
He is ouercome straite, pray he will take,
And lay his care aside for my sake.
If he be prone, and looke faire in the plaine
He'll thinke the Gods loue him, let not this pass
Who ere shall be not by oath to betray,
Nor rage and hate much, much he done wrong?
Trust not too some
Perchance
Bleare
And a
The wood, how ouer wood about this land,
The Crab tree, Boxe, Mirtle hand.
The chiche leau'd Boxe, the Tamarike so small,
Low shrubs, neat Pines, ther do these trees grow all

The

The Dyuersity of Procris.

The description of Hy-

The gentle Weſt wind and the healthfull aire,
Blow all thoſe leaues & grasbla=s which are there;
Cephalus louled reſt, his hounds and men forgone,
Weary in youth this ground on ſat vpon,
And thus he ſings, thou which doſt lay my heat,
Age, my breaſt come gentleaire and beat.
One ouer diuous told his fearfull wife,
Theſe words ſhe heard, and ſo began the ſtrife;
Procris who for a trumpet tooke his care,
Fell downe much moued with a ſuddaine feare,
Looke how the vine leafe which you late ſaw gathered,
She looks ſo pale, or far more paler rather:
And the ripe Quince-tree which doth bend his bowes,
Or dog-tree fruits, which some for meate allowes:
Come to her ſelfe, her garments quite ſhe tore,
From of her breaſt, and made her breaſt all bare,
And without ſtay in rage and haſt ſhe goes,
Her haire about her necke like *Bacchus* troes:
Being near the place, her maids the leaues behind,
Steals ſlily to the wood no feare in mind,
'Tis thus thou thinkeſt now, who this are ſhould be,
And her dishoneſt iuſtice thine eie ſhall ſee;
Her coming thinkes her now, ſhe would not rather,
Yet now ſhe's glad ſhe's come, loue doubtfull maketh,
The name, the place, the time all theſe agree,
And what the mind feares, that it thinks to be,
Seeing the graſſe to by ſom body preſt,
Her trembling heart is ſhocke at her tender breaſt,
Now the Mid-day had made the ſhadowes ſhort,
The euening and the morne of equall port;
Young *Cephalus* returns vnto the wood
And cooles his face with water as he ſtood,
Procris ſtands cloſe on the graſſe he laies him faire,
And cries aloud, blow weſt winde, come ſweet aire

So soone as she had heard the ironious name,
Her mind and her true colour to her came,
She rises, with her body the leaues shake,
In mind to *Cephalus* her way to take.
He thought it some wilde beast, snatch vp his bow,
His arrow in his right hand wont to throw.
What dost thou wretch, 'tis no beast, stay thy dart,
Alas, thy arrows pierce a womans heart:
She cryes out, thou hast stroke thy louing breast,
Vpon this place thy wounds haue euer rest.
I dye before my time, not wrong'd in loue,
This earth made me suspect thee light to proue,
Aire take my breath, thee 'twas I did mistrust,
I dye, close thou my eyes, lay me in the dust.
She ended speech and life, and falling down,
Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.
He beares his dying loue in woefull armes,
And wailes with teares so strange and deadly harmes:
But let vs backe, I see I must be plaine,
At the last hauen that our ships may againe,
You looke now to be brought vnto a feast,
And that we teach you here as in the rest.
Come late, but comely brought in by night.
Thou shalt be welcome so delay to right.
Though thou be blacke thou shalt seeme fair to all.
The night will hide thy faults both great and small:
Eate neately with your fingers art commands,
Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
Eat not to long, leaue ere you would forbeare,
Make then thou well canst do, this counsell heare:
Were *Hellen* greedy *Paris* would her hate:
And say my rape is for filth out of date,
To drinke is comely, and more fit for you,
Bacchus doth well with *Venus* this is true,

How maides must behaue themselues at meate.

Drinke

Drinke, but yet not more then you wellican beare.
And what is one, let it not to appeare.
A shamefull thing to see a woman drunke,
Such a one is fit to be each base knaues punke.
Nor is it fit to sleep the tables drawne,
Much shamfull things haue in your sleep bin sawne.
'Tis shame to teach you more, yet *Ouid* sayes,
Shame, s. be chiefest abiect of these layes.
Each know your selues as you your bodies fashion,
So frame your lying in form that it may be.
Whose face is beauteous she must lye vpright,
Whose backe is beft that still must be in sight.
Atlantues thighes vpon his shoulders wore.
Menalion he thele best, shew thee the more.
Low Maides must ride, *Thebais* was somewhat long
Nere fate on *Hectors* horse but pride among.
Who hath a long side, which shed haue in sight,
Let her bend to her knees her necke awry:
Whose hidden parts haue not a fault or spot,
Lye euer sidelong pray see not it not.
Nor thinke it a disgrace you shame to loose,
And then thy necke cast backeward still to choose
Thou that art ragged close and couered lye.
And from mens sight like the swift *Parthian* fly:
Loue hath a thousand wayes most void of pride,
To lie halfe vpright on the higher side.
Apolles, *Tiryos*, nor horrid *Ammon* say,
Nor things more true then what are in our lay:
If there be truth in art got by long vse,
Beleeue and trust, you'll finde it in our muse.
Maids see you loue vs men, plucke from the root,
One thing may help you and steed to boot: (sweet
Cease not faire words ceases or close whispering
And wanton words must with your sports ot meet.

Gestures in lying.

And

And thou who nature hath bard louers quickfence,
Faine pleasant toies though the thing be from thence:
Vnhappy Maide to whom that place is dull,
Which wich a man and woman should be full.
Yet when you faine, beware, let none else know it,
For feare thy gesture or thy eies may shew it:
What helpes the speech and shewes the breath is ill
That vnder hath secrets, shame would hide it still,
Who seekes a man after enioyment straight,
Louing a gift would not her prayers had weight:
Ope not your windowes wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather hid the night.
Our sport is done, 'tis time the Swanes depart.
Which on their necks as yoaks haue drawn our art
As Men before, lay Maides, when ye preuaile,
Quid our matter was, his hate our faile.

Conclusion of the work

FINIS.